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THEODORE LYMAN

(1833–1897)

AND

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP, JR.

(1834–1905)

TWO MEMOIRS

PREPARED BY

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

FOR

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MEMOIR

OF

THEODORE LYMAN.

1833–1897.

From the records of the Proceedings of the Society for the November meeting of 1869 it appears that "Mr. Theodore Lyman, of Brookline, was elected a Resident Member." His death was announced at the October meeting, 1897. His membership in the Society lacked two months only of covering the full period of twenty-eight years. In order of seniority his name at his death stood fourteenth on our resident membership roll.

Born in the family mansion on the well-known Lyman estate in Waltham, Massachusetts, on the 23d of August, 1833, residing nearly all his life in the house on the beautiful Brookline property inherited by him from his father, Colonel Lyman died at Nahant on the 9th of September, 1897. The father, after whom the son was named, had also been a member of the Society; but, elected in April, 1823, he resigned in May, 1836. Of English stock, the Lymans were transplanted to New England in early colonial days; for the first Lyman, Richard by name, was one of those, about threescore in number, who came out in the ship "Lyon" in company with Margaret, wife of Governor John Winthrop, and her children, and also "the Apostle" Eliot. Some sixty years later the Rev. Cotton Mather quaintly wrote of John Eliot, — "He came to *New England* in the month of *November*, *A. D.* 1631, among those blessed old Planters, which laid the Foundations of a remarkable Country, devoted unto the Exercise of the Protestant Religion, in its purest and highest Reformation." This Cotton Mather might equally well have written of John Eliot's fellow emigrant, Richard Lyman; for, among the divines subsequently preach-

ing this "purest and highest Reformation" was Isaac Lyman, a descendant of Richard in the fourth generation. A graduate of Yale (1747), Isaac Lyman was in due time ordained pastor of the church at Old York in what was then, and for over seventy years afterwards, denominated the District of Maine; but in the latter part of the eighteenth century his son, the first of four Theodores, moved to the Massachusetts Bay. Subsequently a successful man of business, he laid the foundations of the family fortunes. The second Theodore (1792–1849), born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard (1810), studied two years at Edinburgh, and later travelled somewhat in eastern Europe, then an unusual experience for an American. A man of considerable note in the community in which he lived, active politically and a consistent Federalist, General Lyman, as he was called because of the rank he had held in the Massachusetts militia, was also the author of several books not without reputation at the time, though now forgotten. For two years (1834–1835) he was Mayor of Boston; in which capacity he is chiefly remembered in connection with the so-called Garrison mob of October 21, 1835. Previous to that, however, he had, in 1828, been defendant in a suit for criminal libel brought by Daniel Webster, then recently elected to the United States Senate from Massachusetts. When revived in the cold perspective of history the humorous aspect of this somewhat cumbrous legal proceeding distinctly predominates; but, at the time, it excited no little public interest. Involving great names, it was, in point of fact, a veritable teapot tempest, in the progress of which a mere mole-hill was, for the time being, made to assume a truly mountainous aspect. The incident, curiously illustrative of the conditions and temper of the time, has recently been made the subject of an exceptionally entertaining historical monograph.[1] It had its origin in certain allegations contained in an article written by General Lyman, and published in the Boston "Jackson Republican," a paper of which he was one of the proprietors. Though a warm partisan in politics, General Lyman, besides being most public-spirited, was essentially a man of character and refinement. It is needless, therefore, to say that the libel suit in question,

[1] A Notable Libel Suit. By Josiah H. Benton, Jr. Boston: 1904. Privately printed.

however "criminal" in name and form, was instituted for political reasons, and brought no personal discredit on the defendant. He had merely in a controversial newspaper article used rather strong language, and been somewhat careless in his statements touching persons. The humor of the thing, however, lay in the fact that the shaft, in itself neither particularly barbed nor sped with especial vigor, was aimed at J. Q. Adams; but, in this case also, "the damned arrow glanced aside," and not only hit Mr. Webster, with whom General Lyman naturally and warmly affiliated, but pierced what at that particular juncture was with the "Defender of the Constitution" a very vulnerable and sensitive part. None the less the sum total of General Lyman's offence was nothing worse than extreme partisanship working, through historical inadvertence, to quite unanticipated results. Both the criminal libel suit and the Garrison mob were, however, mere incidents in the life of one closely identified both as originator and benefactor with some of our most valuable reformatory institutions; and in that connection the second Theodore Lyman still stands high in the estimation of the community of which in his day he was in no small degree typical.[1]

About 1820 General Lyman married Miss Mary Henderson of New York, long afterwards referred to by one who knew the Lymans well as "a lady of rare personal beauty and accomplishments." Three daughters and a son were the issue of the marriage; one daughter and the son alone survived the parents. Mrs. Lyman died (August 5, 1836) thirteen years before her husband, whose death took place July 17, 1849, when the third Theodore, the subject of this memoir, was just completing his sixteenth year. Left to himself thus early with what was in those days considered an ample fortune, two years later (1851) young Lyman entered Harvard,

[1] There is an appreciative sketch of the second Theodore Lyman by L. M. Sargent in paper number fifty-six of his book entitled Dealings with the Dead (vol. i. pp. 202–206). Considering the standard of private fortunes of that period the benefactions of General Lyman were astonishingly liberal. Besides numerous unobtrusive gifts and charities during his life, he had from time to time privately given $22,000 to the Reform School at Westborough. By testamentary bequests he left an additional sum of $50,000 to that institution, and $10,000 each to the Horticultural Society and the Thompson Island Farm School. Mr. Sargent says of him: "Frigid, and even formal, before the world, he was one of the most warm-hearted of men, among the noiseless paths of charity, and in the closer relations of life."

graduating in 1855. It was in many ways a somewhat noteworthy class, that of 1855, — among others in having two first scholars, Francis Channing Barlow and Robert Treat Paine. It was a curious coincidence. Entering college together and being graduated from it together, as the result of four years of marking under the system then in vogue, Barlow and Paine — two men curiously dissimilar in character as in subsequent careers — came out exactly even. Aggregating between 25,000 and 26,000 marks given by different instructors in diverging and converging courses, the columns in the two cases did not differ in result by a single unit; nor could the arithmetical insight of Professor Benjamin Peirce, when applied to the problem, anywhere detect a miscalculation or reveal an oversight. So the class of 1855 had the unique distinction of graduating two first scholars, and no second. Among its members, besides Theodore Lyman, were Alexander Agassiz, General F. C. Barlow, already mentioned as one of its two first scholars, Phillips Brooks, Edward Barry Dalton, James Kendall Hosmer, James Tyndale Mitchell, and F. B. Sanborn. The names of five of the class are found on the roll of membership of this Society.

The college record of the third Theodore Lyman was in a high degree creditable to him. With a good physique, a natural leadership among his equals and a pronounced love of sociability, the dangers and pitfalls in his case were considerable. By his father's death left to his own guidance, with abundant means at his disposal, the temptations to idleness and pleasure-seeking were great. During his first two years of college life he seemed disposed to yield to them, giving his time to amusements rather than to efforts at class rank; but, subsequently, he combined the two activities. Indeed, he and his classmate and intimate friend, Langdon Erving, next above him in rank at graduation, were notable in the Harvard undergraduate world of that period for the degree of success with which this result was by them accomplished. Under what influences Lyman fell in his Sophomore year was not at the time apparent, but the change was marked. Without in any way abandoning his amusements or restricting his inclination to sociability, his prominence in club life, in club theatricals, in rowing, or in society, he suddenly went in for marks, and became a hard student. Always

intellectually quick, the result was something quite remarkable. He rose in rank by leaps and bounds. At the close of the Sophomore year thirty-eighth in a class numbering seventy-one, — not even in the first half, — at the close of the Junior year he was thirty-fourth in a class now of seventy-four. During his first term Senior his marks for that term were next to the highest; while, in the second, or closing, term of the college course he was first scholar. Finally, at graduation, the College Faculty arbitrarily assigned him fourth place in the class. It was a college record indicative of an exceptional man.

When, in March, 1855, it came to the choice of class officials, Lyman was the favorite candidate for orator, in those days the most coveted of college prizes. His friends and the more prominent club organizations were united and earnest in his support. The class democracy, however, looked askance. Those composing it would have none of him. Accordingly, after a spirited canvass, he lost the much wished for honor by a narrow vote; not, it had subsequently to be admitted, to the bettering of the class-day exercises. It was, doubtless, at the moment as great a disappointment as Lyman had ever been called upon to face; but, bearing himself cheerfully, he took his defeat in manly fashion. Possibly a sympathizing faculty had the fact in mind when, shortly after, it came to announcing the scholarship rank, in his case to a degree assigned by vote.

Theodore Lyman was, moreover, one of the few men of any time who have left at Harvard abiding traces *quoad* undergraduates. Early chosen into the Hasty Pudding Club, then as now the leading social and histrionic organization among the students, he was a conspicuous member thereof; as also of the Porcellian Club, of which last, from 1860 to 1866, he acted as Grand Marshal. But it was in the Hasty Pudding that his attributes more peculiarly shone forth. Prominent as a performer in its theatricals, it was he who as chorister composed, in 1854, the classic song entitled "The First Proof of the Pudding," descriptive of the mystical origin of that ancient and goodly fraternity. When, forty years after graduation, Lyman was a helpless invalid at his Brookline home, confronting the living death which day by day crept on him, the Hasty Pudding Club celebrated its centennial (November 22, 1895). Of the two things in its history

to which prominence was then given, one was a repetition of its first play, Bombastes Furioso, the other the singing of Lyman's still familiar choral song. As things collegiate go, forty years is a well-nigh unparalleled immortality.[1]

[1] In view of this fact it may be not inappropriate to reproduce this Harvard "classic." It is merely necessary in so doing to premise that the names of Mr. Sibley and Dr. Harris, introduced into the Lyman manuscript, were an unauthorized appropriation. Both sedate officials of the University Library, the memory of Dr. Harris is not otherwise associated with mirth, music or lyrical composition, though, for many years, it was the recognized function of Mr. Sibley to set the tune at the commencement dinner.

"The first proof of the Pudding!"

Words by Mr. Sibley. Song adapted to music by Dr. Harris.
Air: "So Miss Myrtle is going to marry."

Long since when our forefathers landed
On barren rock bleak and forlorn
There they left their little boat stranded
To search through the wide woods for corn.
Soon some hillocks of earth met their gaze
Like altars of mystical spell,
But within finding Indian maize
Amazement on all of them fell. } *bis*

Quoth Standish: "Right hard have we toil-ed
A dinner we'll have before long
A pudding shall quickly be boil-ed
By help of the Lord and the corn." —
That moment the war-whoop resounded
Through forest, and mountain, and glen,
And a Choctaw savagely bounded
To slaughter these corn-stealing men! } *bis*

"Oh vile pagan!" The Captain said he:
"'T is true we 've been taking a horn
But though corn-ed we all of us be
We ne'er shall acknowledge the corn." —
Then a wooden spoon held in his hand
He seized his red foe by the nose,
And with pudding his belly he crammed
In spite of his struggles and throes. } *bis*

The victor triumphantly grasp-ed
The hair of his foe closely shorn
While the savage struggled and gasp-ed
O'erpowered with fear and with corn. —
"Be converted!" the good Standish said;
"Or surely by fire you 'll die;
Though with 'boiled' you thus far have been fed
We quickly shall give you a 'fry.'" } *bis*

Then straight was the Choctaw baptiz-ed
In pudding pot, smoky and warm,
While the parson him catechis-ed
Concerning the cooking-of-corn.

Graduating in July, 1855, on the 27th of November, 1858, he being then in his twenty-fourth year, young Lyman married Elizabeth Russell, oldest daughter of George R. Russell, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. On the mother's side Mrs. Russell was a Shaw, and it so chanced that Theodore Lyman's only surviving sister, Cora, had married a brother of Mrs. Russell. A double connection was thus brought about, and Theodore Lyman's sister became his aunt by marriage. But, what with Lymans, Russells, and Shaws, with whom were combined the Sturgises, the family connection was intricate, and, as regards numbers, bore a not remote resemblance to the sands of the shore. His marriage was the fortunate event in Theodore Lyman's life. He always so esteemed it.

Already, even before graduation, Lyman had come under the influence of Professor Louis Agassiz. Intellectually and morally, even more perhaps than scientifically, he became one of that teacher's disciples. As is well known, Agassiz was endowed with remarkable personal magnetism; he was, furthermore, always instinctively on the lookout for young men to attach, not to himself personally, but to his pursuits. His attention seems early to have been drawn to Lyman as a promising subject, — a possible disciple; for Lyman combined in himself means, position, character, and ability. His whole life was thus influenced. And yet, as the result showed, it is questionable whether it was the voice of science which uttered for Lyman the clearest call. Those who knew him most intimately both at college and in subsequent life felt by no means sure, nor were they of one mind on that point.

When, in the case of those we have known well, the outcome of life is settled, the temptation is strong to philosophize over what might have been had ideal conditions existed; for few men are either by accident or choice placed or contrive to work themselves into exactly the position for which nature designed them. While nearly all men have aptitudes, such as they are, — that is, they incline to certain pursuits in which they can, or could, accomplish results more easily than in

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Then the Puritans chanted a psalm
With chorus of Hey-rub-a-dub,
And amidst gentle music's soft charm,
Was founded the Great Pudding Club. } *bis*

THEODORE LYMAN
1854

others, — those who have distinctly pronounced aptitudes are comparatively speaking rare; and yet more rare are those endowed with that one overpowering aptitude amounting to a call. With most men, the call, such as it is, not being clear and controlling, the wherewithal to support life and meet family requirements dictates vocation. But, in this respect, Theodore Lyman was one of the fortunate. Not forced to bread-winning toil, he could follow his aptitudes — if he had any! The only question in his case was to know himself.

That with his ability, application and alertness of intellect he would accomplish excellent results and attain a degree of distinction in any calling which he might adopt, all who knew him would be disposed to admit. That his greatest aptitude lay in the direction of science is not so clear. He certainly was not professorially built. Though quick of perception, it may also be questioned whether he was a thoughtful observer. He certainly was not a hermit, or a man of the laboratory. The late Clarence King, eminent as a geologist, as well as a brilliant man socially, was wont to declare that the trouble with geology was that it could not strike back. In dealing with the rocks and strata the joy of conflict was lacking. It may well have been somewhat the same with Lyman. Ophiurans, for instance, may scientifically be interesting, but they indisputably lack the social quality; and Theodore Lyman's nature craved sociability. Indeed, in life, as in the Pudding Club, sociability was with him the source of the purest pleasures. As years went on, accordingly, the active human side of things more than once asserted its claims; and it is very questionable whether his two years' experience in the army and afterwards his single term in Congress did not appeal to him more strongly and leave a more vivid recollection in his mind than the far longer period devoted to biological work. More even than law, science is a "jealous mistress."

Thus, the trouble with Theodore Lyman probably was that, a many-sided man, the ambition that dominated was lacking; and, among those who knew him best both at Harvard and afterwards, it was always an open question whether he would not have found the place in which he could exercise his powers with the best results both objectively and subjectively in the more active life. Had his attention been turned to political or social issues, and had he thus become interested in the excep-

tionally absorbing problems of the period in which he lived, he had noticeable power of literary expression, many of the elements of leadership, and, above all, he would have thoroughly enjoyed the game. Both in the army and in Congress, he did so. Influenced, however, by Agassiz, he made his election otherwise.

For three years after graduation, the acolyte worked under the eye of the master and in personal touch with him; and the impression Agassiz then made on him he recorded in a published paper nearly twenty years later, shortly after Agassiz had died (1873).[1] He took his degree of S.B in 1858. In 1891 Harvard, in further recognition of his work, conferred on him the final degree of LL.D.

Inheriting a strong sense of civic duty, from the time of graduation young Lyman interested himself in the reformatory institutions his father had originated and endowed, the most important of which still perpetuates his name. He went to this work also intelligently and in the true scientific spirit, taking nothing for granted, and quite refusing to acquiesce in existing conditions simply because they happened to exist and to disturb them would occasion inconvenience, and possibly cases of individual hardship. That all charitable, penal and reformatory as well as educational institutions have a strong tendency to work into ruts and formulas is matter of common observation; whether, under such circumstances, they do not do more harm than good is an open question. Endowed by the benevolent, often with an intelligent forecast, or at least a half comprehension of facts and their bearing, their management is apt to fall into the hands of what are known as good, practical common-sense people, in whose behalf it is usually, and truly, claimed that they are not given to theories or apt to be carried away in pursuit of new-fangled ideas. When this occurs, the inevitable may confidently be expected. The institution has a strong tendency to become a retiring berth for incompetents; or may even nourish what it was designed to cure, whether pauperism or crime. This tendency to unintelligent formalism had not failed to assert itself in the early experience of both the institutions with which the elder Theodore Lyman had concerned himself, the State Reform School, and the Boston Asylum and Farm School for Indigent Boys,

[1] Atlantic Monthly, vol. xxxiii. pp. 221–229.

on Thompson's Island. Of both, the younger Theodore Lyman became a trustee shortly after graduation. Trouble soon ensued. With the exception of Lyman, the trustees of the first named institution were removed, and he elected to go with his associates. A long and wearisome struggle followed, — executive action, legislative investigation, remedial laws, bureau supervision. As the result of strenuous and persistent effort, in which Lyman bore his share, more correct methods of management, based on scientific principles, were gradually introduced. In the case of the Reform School those among the inmates who were vicious beyond hope of remedy were by degrees removed from contact with those whom it was possible to reform, and the school, which was becoming a forcing house of crime, became what its founders intended and its name implies. In this slow process of regeneration, which gradually assumed shape through the administrations of Governors Andrew and Bullock (1861–1868), Lyman's classmate, F. B. Sanborn, was largely concerned, as Secretary of the State Board of Charities. Much of the time Lyman was away, but he never lost his interest in the work of effecting a return to his father's original scheme. At last, but not until 1884, the Massachusetts Reformatory was established at Concord for adults; the age limit at Westboro' was fixed at fifteen years, and provision was made for the transfer to Concord of boys who proved to be unfit subjects for the Reform School, which was by act of Legislature called 'The Lyman School for Boys.' A few years later, after the removal of the institution to a neighboring farm in the town of Westboro', Theodore Lyman went to the school for the dedication of the chapel, "and, as he watched the boys at their work and play, he expressed his satisfaction at the success of the trustees in having at last made it very nearly the kind of school that his father had wished and hoped that it might become."

The Lymans went abroad in 1861, about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, and remained in Europe until the summer of 1863. Without paying much thoughtful attention to political issues or the principles involved in them, Theodore Lyman had grown up a conservative. His family was closely allied with those whom Charles Sumner was wont to refer to as Lords of the Loom, so contradistinguishing them from their allies, the Lords of the Lash. This highly rhetorical

alliteration sounds absurd enough now; but during Theodore Lyman's formative period — between the time he entered Harvard and the time he went to Europe (1851–1861) — it meant much. It made environment; and, coming into his political ideas and affiliations in much the same way as he inherited his property, Theodore Lyman naturally became what was then denominated in Massachusetts a Webster Whig. Moreover, a disciple of Agassiz was not likely to be also a pronounced politician; and it was improbable that a close student of the Ophiuridæ and Astrophytidæ would give any great amount of analytical thought to the constitutional issues arising over the status of the African, either as an escaped fugitive or subject to territorial legislation. Nevertheless, so far as he concerned himself in politics, and in those days every one more or less concerned himself, Lyman, in the great election of 1860, voted for Bell and Everett and not for Abraham Lincoln. Then, like every one else, he watched anxiously the gathering of the storm. When, in April, 1861, it at last broke, he felt no call to action. He had disapproved, and foretold; what he predicted had come to pass. He was married and deeply interested in his scientific studies; so, not altering his plans, he and his wife went abroad.

While Mr. and Mrs. Lyman were in Europe, their first child was born. This event, of course, afforded distraction; but to Americans constituted as they were, Europe was, in 1861 and 1862, neither an agreeable nor a restful place. A nightmare period, one thought predominated. Sleeping, waking — the terrific struggle going on at home was ever present to the mind. Research and study were out of the question; the solution of scientific problems must await a more opportune occasion. Nor in this respect was Theodore Lyman so constituted as to prove an exception. His was not one of those coldly scientific minds, self-centred and absorbed, which can look out upon the world in a purely objective way. Essentially human, social and companionable, he sympathized and felt. His relations, his classmates, his intimate friends, moreover, had thronged into the army and were in the thick of the fight. He was in Europe, — idling! Every mail brought letters from home or from the front, replete with one subject. Long lists of casualties came, in which were many familiar names, — some that were dear. His wife's brother was a

prisoner in Richmond; the regiment to which he belonged had been far more than decimated in battle. With Theodore Lyman also military operations had always possessed a certain interest, — an interest probably traceable to his father's connection with the Massachusetts militia, and the effective organizing work he there did as commander of the Suffolk brigade. Thus to both Mr. and Mrs. Lyman the situation became by degrees fairly intolerable. They must at least go home. They were back in Brookline in June, 1863. Early in the following month the battle of Gettysburg was fought.

By a curious coincidence that battle, and its outcome, greatly influenced Lyman's individual conduct and subsequent interests through life. Seven years before, in the winter of 1856, he had made a visit to the Florida waters on one of Agassiz's errands of scientific research. He there, at Key West, fell in with Captain George G. Meade, of the topographical engineers, then superintending the erection of lighthouses on the Florida reefs. In those days the Florida coast afforded few accommodations for temporary sojourners, whether for cause of health or of science, and Captain Meade had a government vessel at his disposal. He was eighteen years Lyman's senior, but only too glad to welcome him as a companion and messmate. They proved congenial; and an intimacy followed, which was subsequently maintained. And now, from Captain of Engineers in 1861, becoming, in 1863, Major-General in command of the Army of the Potomac, Meade's name was in every one's mouth. Just the opportunity he desired was thus by mere chance opened to Lyman. Meade suggested to him by letter that he should join the headquarters. The Agassiz Museum now ceased to interest, and the door of the laboratory was closed; the pencil was laid down. The call of science had for some time sounded fainter and fainter amid the tumult of the mighty struggle then going on, and in which the pupil of Agassiz was eager to take a hand.

In the course Lyman now took he showed, also, an exceptional wisdom, an intelligent insight. He did not, like so many others, — his relatives and friends, — rush at once into a profession for which he had in no way been prepared; on the contrary, he gave a certain amount of consideration to what he wanted to see and know, and what he was qualified

to do. That an army is not a more or less organized mob, or a campaign a picnic, or a battle an elaborated row and free fight, would seem, as propositions, to be elementary; but in the earlier stages of the Civil War they had not obtained a complete acceptance. To be in the thick of the thing was the prevalent wish, without any very clear comprehension of what "the thing" was, or how one's presence there could be made to contribute in greatest degree to the result desired. Much excellent material was thus wasted.

Viewed retrospectively in the light of what has since, in four continents, occurred, it is for those concerned in it matter of wonderment how, on either side, we contrived to work our way through that terrific struggle with so little comprehension of the supremely important function of the general staff in all considerable military operations. Though we are essentially an organizing people, and though the exigency was great, to the very end of the Civil War the ideas entertained of staff duty were the vaguest possible. It was not realized that the staff is to the army what his brain is to a man. Commenting on the condition of affairs in this respect even in the final stages of the struggle, a very competent critic says of Grant's headquarters equipment, when the great and complicated campaign of 1864 opened, "the organization and arrangements made by him for the control and co-operation of the forces in Virginia are now generally regarded by military critics as having been nearly as faulty as they could have been. . . . It was in the nature of things impossible to make either the armies or the separate army-corps work harmoniously and effectively together. . . . But when it is considered that Grant's own staff, although presided over by a very able man from civil life, and containing a number of zealous and experienced officers from both the regular army and the volunteers, was not organized for the arrangement of the multifarious details and combinations of the marches and battles of a great campaign, and indeed under Grant's special instructions made no efforts to arrange them, it will be apparent that properly co-ordinated movements could not be counted upon."[1] Every deficiency here pointed out meant the unnecessary loss of precious lives. In the operations which ensued, a systematic butting against breastworks was substituted for the clock-

[1] 2 Proceedings, vol. xix. p. 344 *n*.

like movement of carefully calculated combinations. It was typical of the whole conflict.

Indeed, at the commencement of the struggle, and in the earlier stages of it, the function of the staff was so wholly misconceived that among the young men, especially those educated at Harvard, the idea was generally entertained that the only place for really useful service was in the company, the squadron, and the regiment. A staff appointment was looked upon as merely one of show. The line meant work and danger; the headquarters were synonymous with idleness, safety, and display. Practically, and from an utter failure to grasp the scope and significance of staff functions and responsibility, there was altogether too much of truth and reality in this idea. The Civil War staffs throughout were largely ornamental. Yet the idea that they were so in the nature of things — necessarily so — was a delusion than which it is difficult to conceive any more false and unfortunate. An unquestioning acceptance of its truth caused the waste or misapplication of much valuable material. A great many round pegs inserted themselves or were thrust into square holes.

Not that the Harvard men, of whom Theodore Lyman was a good type, did not do excellent service as regimental officers. They did; and, as such, in altogether too many cases they laid down their lives. But, as compared with the staff, the sphere of usefulness of a regimental officer is confined; and as for his knowledge of men and operations, it is limited to his brigade and its movements in camp and campaign, and in action to what is taking place at his side or in his immediate front. He is a pawn on a wide and complicated chessboard. Moreover, the previous training of the typical Harvard man specially qualified him for efficient work on the staff. He had but to familiarize himself with its duties.

In all these respects Theodore Lyman seems to have instinctively taken in the situation. Whether he did or no, the course he pursued was at that stage of the struggle the wisest possible course open to him. Regimental commissions, except of the lowest grades, were after 1862 not easy to obtain. Promotions were jealously watched; and, in their bestowal, experience had begun to count. Lyman could not, placed as he was, enter the service as a subaltern; he wanted also to come in contact with men high in rank, and to study large

movements. After some correspondence with General Meade the matter was arranged most satisfactorily and in an ingenious way. He was commissioned as a volunteer member of the staff of Governor Andrew, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and was, at General Meade's invitation, assigned to special duty at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He never was mustered into the service of the United States; he drew no pay or allowances; he was simply the headquarters guest and personal aide of General Meade. The position was anomalous; the use he could make of it depended wholly on him who held it. Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman not only made himself generally acceptable, but he was effectively useful; and, moreover, he had a range of observation and largeness of acquaintance of which he did not fail to avail himself. His experience was thus more interesting than fell to any one of his friends who took part in the war. Less brilliant, it was unique. Unquestionably that experience constituted the most interesting feature of his active life, and the portion of it upon which he subsequently looked back with greatest satisfaction.

And yet in one respect it was to be regretted that his position with the army was anomalous and did not admit of that enlargement which follows promotion; for it is, and must always remain, fairly matter of question whether Theodore Lyman might not, after all, have found in a military environment the largest field for the development of his peculiar aptitudes. To those who had an opportunity there to observe him, it would hardly occur that he was specially adapted to large immediate command of men or to carry on complicated field operations; but he did possess in high degree many of the qualifications which go to make up an accomplished member of the staff. He would have made an admirable Inspector General; and, as such, have exercised a direct and most beneficial influence, not on a battalion or a brigade, but on the army as a whole. It was, perhaps, quite as unfortunate for the service as for him that his qualities could not be, or at any rate were not, utilized more effectively and on a larger scale.

Even so, however, it remains to be seen whether Colonel Lyman, as a witness on the inside, will not yet prove an important historical factor in the ultimate verdict on the great

Grant-Lee campaign of 1864; for the true history of that terrible struggle is yet to be written. As already intimated, the instructive lesson to be drawn from it is the importance of the general staff in all great operations of modern warfare. Of this in 1864 General Grant seems to have had no adequate comprehension.[1] He was commander-in-chief of all the Union armies; but the Union armies had no general staff in any proper acceptation of the term. General J. A. Rawlins was, nominally, Grant's chief-of-staff; and, though from civil life and a self-educated lawyer by profession, Rawlins was a clear-headed, virile man. But his chief-of-staff in the campaign of 1864 should have been to Grant what Gneisenau was to Blücher in 1815, or what Moltke was to the Emperor William in 1870. This, however, is what a recent critic, himself a West Point graduate and a general officer in close touch with Grant's headquarters during the campaign of 1864, has recently written:—

"Rawlins was from the first bitterly opposed to the persistency with which the army was hurled in direct attack against the enemy's hastily constructed but formidable entrenchments as at Spottsylvania Court House and at Cold Harbor. He did not hesitate to say that the repetition of the first fatal blunder was due to the influence of one of

[1] There is an extremely interesting letter bearing on this characteristic of General Grant, from Charles A. Dana to Secretary Stanton, dated July 13, 1863, and written from Grant's headquarters at Vicksburg. Mr. Dana throughout that campaign was with General Grant as the special representative of the War Department, in immediate communication with the Secretary. He had thoroughly familiarized himself with the situation, and those in command. He thus wrote in the letter referred to:—"Indeed, in all my observation, I have never discovered the use of Grant's aides-de-camp at all. On the battle-field he sometimes sends orders by them but everywhere else they are idle loafers. I suppose the army would be better off if they were all suppressed, especially the colonels. . . . If General Grant had about him a staff of thoroughly competent men, disciplinarians and workers, the efficiency and fighting quality of his army would soon be much increased. As it is, things go too much by hazard and by spasms; or, when the pinch comes, Grant forces through, by his own energy and main strength, what proper organization and proper staff officers would have done already. . . . In the staffs of the division and brigadier generals I do not now recall any officer of extraordinary capacity. There may be such, but I have not made their acquaintance. On the other hand, I have made the acquaintance of some who seemed quite unfit for their places."

In this same most interesting communication Mr. Dana thus referred to General Sherman, then in command of one corps of Grant's army:—"On the whole, General Sherman has a very small and very efficient staff; but the efficiency comes mainly from him. What a splendid soldier he is." *Recollections of the Civil War*, pp. 74–77.

the regular officers [at headquarters] whose refrain was 'Smash 'em up — smash 'em 'up!' With the same fearlessness that characterized the imprudent utterances of 'Baldy' Smith and of that peerless soldier Emory Upton, Rawlins did not hesitate in conversation with me to designate this as 'the murderous policy of military incompetents,' and there is the best reason for believing that his remonstrances with his Chief, emphasized as they were by the uniform failure and the fearful losses attendant upon such attacks, had more to do with causing their abandonment than anything else; except perhaps the pathetic protest of men in the ranks at Cold Harbor, who, before advancing to the charge, pinned their names to their clothes in order that their dead bodies might be recognized after the battle was over." [1]

The historic truth is that though General Grant was a man of strong horse-sense and military instincts, as well as a most formidable fighter, he did not have a high-grade organizing mind. Confronted with Lee, this deficiency became apparent, expressed in simply terrible results so far as the armies under Grant's more immediate command were concerned; for, unfortunately, those who incited to that succession of frontal attacks, as murderous as they were futile, were not detailed to lead them. Had such a rule been in vogue, it is needless to say the lives of many thousands would have been spared to them. As it was, the Virginia campaign of 1864 was tactically discreditable and, in its methods, brutal.

Of all of this Colonel Lyman was a close witness, at once intelligent and observant. Realizing fully the importance of the events, he made of what he heard and saw a careful record. Naturally, at the headquarters of General Meade some jealousy existed of the neighboring headquarters of General Grant. It could not have been otherwise. An accomplished soldier, General Meade was irritable, and, among his intimates, outspoken. His chief-of-staff, General A. A. Humphreys, was one of the best officers as well as determined and skilful fighters in the army. A trained soldier, clear-headed and reticent, the personal relations between him and Colonel Lyman soon became close.[2] The aide of Governor Andrew was thus in the

[1] Manuscript Life of General Rawlins, by General James H. Wilson, Chap. xii.

[2] In his account of the operations of this campaign, published in 1883, General Humphreys says, — "Colonel Theodore Lyman, an accomplished gentleman from Boston, a volunteer aide on the staff of General Meade from the summer of 1863 to the close of the war, serving without pay or allowances,

innermost councils of the Army of the Potomac. The repeated slaughters took place under his eyes, and at the moment he wrote down his impressions. He was very competent so to do. The time to make public what he thus recorded may not yet have come; but that his evidence will affect the ultimate verdict on the great campaigns of which he was a witness, those who saw him there can hardly entertain a doubt.

In his sketch of Colonel Lyman's career prepared for the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Henry P. Bowditch says: —

"In this capacity [that of volunteer aide of Governor Andrew assigned to duty at the headquarters of General Meade] Colonel Lyman served till the end of the Civil War, taking part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and Cold Harbor, in the movements around Petersburg and in the final surrender at Appomattox Court House, where he was one of the few officers privileged to ride through the Confederate lines after the surrender. During all this period he showed an active and intelligent interest in his new work by making almost daily sketches showing the positions of the different corps of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. John C. Ropes, President of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, writes that he 'was so much impressed with the value of these cartographic statements of the movements of the Army of the Potomac, from the autumn of 1863 down to and including the 9th of April, 1865, when Lee surrendered,' that he had them all copied for the use of the Society. The same high authority in military matters speaks also of having seen extracts from a diary kept by Theodore Lyman during this period, 'which are as humorous and as entertaining as any pictures of the camp and march can possibly be.' It is greatly to be hoped that this diary may in due time be edited and published, as it cannot fail to be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Civil War. Few actors in this great drama had better opportunities of watching the succession of important historical events, or minds better qualified for observing, recording, and commenting upon them. Nor did his interest in military matters cease with the war, for, as a member of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, he had ample opportunity to discuss with his companions

passed the 5th and 6th of May with General Hancock, sending constantly brief notes with small diagrams to General Meade, showing the progress of the operations and giving the latest information. It was General Meade's habit to intrust this service to Colonel Lyman, sending him to the different corps commanders. These little despatches are on file in the War Department and furnish valuable information." *The Virginia Campaign of* 1864 *and* 1865, p. 48, n. Another reference to Colonel Lyman is to be found in a footnote to page 55 of the same volume.

in arms the great events in which they had all taken part. On June 11, 1877, he read a 'Review of the Reports of Colonel Haven and General Weld on the conduct of General McClellan at Alexandria, in August, 1862, and on the case of Fitz John Porter.'

"Lyman maintained a close and unbroken friendship with General Meade until the death of the latter, in 1872. He then wrote an obituary notice of his old commander, which was published in Volume IX. of the Proceedings of this Academy."

This spirited war episode was violently projected, as it were, into the far different career Theodore Lyman had mapped out for himself at graduation. Coming back to Boston and Brookline when the episode closed, he, like so many others engaged in that struggle, resumed his old activities. His association with Harvard, always close, became closer still. Throughout the war, and until 1866, Grand Marshal of the Porcellian Club, he was also a liberal subscriber to the Memorial Hall fund, and took active interest in it as a member of the building committee. By virtue of an act passed in 1865, the members of the Board of Overseers of the college were thenceforth elected by the alumni; and, in 1868, Lyman was chosen. His cousin and intimate personal friend from childhood, Charles W. Eliot, was chosen at the same time; but the name of the latter was shortly after submitted to the Board by the Corporation for confirmation as President of the University. Lyman contributed efficiently towards securing favorable action on the nomination. His assistance, too, was needed; for, strange as it now seems in view of what has since occurred, the choice of President Eliot was at the time by no means unopposed.[1] It constituted in fact a new departure for the University, entered upon with hesitation and, at the time, viewed in many and influential quarters with grave distrust. The nomination was ventured upon by the Corporation only as a last resort, and in a spirit close approaching desperation, — the result of an instinctive conviction, slowly and reluctantly reached, that the old order of things was gone, — a radical organic change had come about in the community and body politic. To it the University must respond. Yet before Mr. Eliot was named, the position had been offered to at least one eminent gentleman more clearly in the line of

[1] The final vote in the Board of Overseers was sixteen ayes and eight noes.

established and therefore safe precedent; and declined most wisely. Thus no nomination at all similar had ever been sent down by the Corporation to startle the Overseers except that of Josiah Quincy, made close upon forty years before and with five administrations intervening; and in the case of Mr. Quincy not only was he a man mature in years, — then fifty-seven, — but he had long been prominent in public life. Nor in his case also did the selection command immediate general approval; for, creating a new precedent of questionable character, the clergy looked askance at it, and voted accordingly. Moreover, Mr. Quincy himself at the time remarked on the unusual character of the proceeding: — "I would not," he said, "have been any more astonished had they come and asked me to preach in the Old South pulpit!" And now that instruction was bettered. A young scientific instructor, of more than questionable theological orthodoxy, a professed believer in Darwinism, suspected of agnosticism even, was to be formally approved of as president of the typical Congregational University. The nomination was referred to a committee of the Board of Overseers; the report of that committee, when made, was not acted upon immediately; much eloquence was expended; many doubts expressed. Colonel Lyman was then thirty-six, and only recently chosen a member of the Board. He was one of its younger members; but, unfortunately, the younger members were by no means united in support of the proposed innovation. Colonel Lyman, however, not only took a broader view, but he knew his kinsman well. He was so placed also as to be able to render efficient aid. Thirty-seven years after the event, the outcome of the experiment does not need to be dwelt upon. The cousin's faith has been justified.

Of Colonel Lyman's scientific pursuits during the subsequent years, Dr. Bowditch says: —

"He was one of the original Trustees and Treasurer of the Zoological Museum, a member and Secretary of the Museum Faculty, and Assistant in Zoölogy. The value of his services to the Museum in these various capacities was gratefully acknowledged by the Director, Alexander Agassiz, who, in his Annual Report for 1896–97, thus speaks of Lyman's scientific work: 'His zoölogical work began with short papers on ornithological subjects; he subsequently became interested in corals, and finally devoted himself specially to Ophiurans. The first

Illustrated Catalogue of the Museum was from his pen, and this important monograph on Ophiurans was followed by numerous papers on the same subject, treating of new species of the group. He wrote the Report on the Ophiurans of the 'Hassler' Expedition, of the 'Challenger,' and of the 'Blake,' which include by far the larger number of species of Ophiurans dredged by those deep-sea exploring expeditions.

"On the establishment of the Commission of Inland Fisheries in 1866, Theodore Lyman became its first chairman, and gave the State devoted service for seventeen years without compensation. The story of his disinterested labor in this field is told in the Commissioners' Annual Reports, many of which are from his own pen, and are characterized by a brightness of style which pleasantly relieves the gravity of an official document.

"In 1884, as President of the American Fish Cultural Association, at the thirteenth annual meeting held in Washington on May 13, he delivered an address which is printed in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts. Here he sketches in the most charming manner the history of the fish industries of New England from the time when the inhabitants were wont to 'dunge their grounds with codd.' He shows that fifty years after the settlement of the country a diminution in the number of fish in the New England rivers had already been noted, and describes the various laws enacted for their protection, culminating in 1864–65 in modern fish culture under the auspices of several State governments, and finally in the appointment in 1871 of the United States Fish Commission under the leadership of Professor Spencer F. Baird.

"The various fishery commissions of the country have, to use Theodore Lyman's own words, 'accumulated a vast amount of accurate information concerning the numbers and variety of our fishes, their food, manner of breeding, condition of life, migration, and stages of growth.' Pisciculture has become a State and national industry, while many private fish preserves have been established in various parts of the country. Several species of Salmonidæ are raised regularly for the market, and it is highly probable that nearly all the shad now taken in our Atlantic streams have originated in State or national hatching establishments. These results, though important, merely serve to indicate what great additions to the wealth of the country may be effected when water culture is 'practised as universally and methodically as is agriculture.' When Americans shall have learned to cultivate the water thus methodically, and shall desire to honor the men who in their day and generation have labored to re-establish the fisheries of the country, no name will stand higher on the list than that of Theodore Lyman."

Whatever may have been his political associations in youth and prior to the Civil War, Theodore Lyman came out of the war a Republican, but never an unthinking party man. Constituted as he was, he could not well be the slave of an organization; and, indeed, it is very questionable whether any man who has given close attention to scientific problems, much less a man of really scientific turn of mind, can hold his convictions subject always to a majority caucus vote. So doing calls for another order of intellect; not inferior, possibly, but certainly different. Voting for Abraham Lincoln in 1864, during the reconstruction period and the two administrations of Grant he took no active part in politics. Not improbably, also, those eight years between 1865 and 1873 were the happiest of his life, as they were the closing years of the life of his master in science — Louis Agassiz. Physically well, happy in his family life, prosperous in a worldly way, not yet forty years of age, satisfied with the record and the associations he had formed, Colonel Lyman lived, a prosperous gentleman, in his fair paternal home at Brookline. Surrounded by friends, he there dispensed a generous hospitality, and even once more made his appearance on the stage as a member of Colonel Harry Lee's locally famous amateur theatrical troupe, of which before the war he had been the "eccentric comedian."[1] With him the world then went well; its present was enjoyable, its prospects were bright.

Once only during that golden period did he come before the public, or find himself involved in controversy; and he then acquitted himself with spirit and successfully. His opponent was a formidable one, no other than Mr. Wendell Phillips. Politically, it will be remembered the year 1869 fell in a troubled period. The slave had been emancipated, and the Confederate disfranchised; a political experiment of novel character was in progress. In a number of communities the white was to be ruled by the black, through the intervention of certain alien adventurers, receiving the countenance and support of the national government. In the wisdom, justice and success of this experiment, if unswervingly carried out to its logical end, Mr. Phillips had implicit faith. This faith he did not fail to preach; and in the course of one of his deliverances he had occasion to refer, by way of illustration, to the

[1] Memoir of Henry Lee, pp. 25, 26, 32, 66.

Garrison mob of 1834. In so doing, he made a characteristic and wholly gratuitous assault on Colonel Lyman's father, who, it has already been mentioned, was, at the time of that highly discreditable demonstration, Mayor of Boston. As such, he was, of course, responsible for the city's peace. Oratorical and declamatory assaults by Mr. Phillips, whether on the living or the dead, were at that time in no way uncommon. Utterly indifferent to correctness in his statement of facts, ingeniously vituperative in language and sincerely desirous of inflicting pain, it might be said of the great agitator even more truly than of the eminent Englishman of whom it was first remarked, that "he made of his philanthropy a stalking-horse from behind which he let fly the shafts of his individual malignity." To become engaged in controversy with him partook a good deal of the character of a noisy street wrangle with some notorious town-scold; but, none the less, Mr. Phillips indisputably held the popular ear. Had the attack been made on himself, Theodore Lyman would almost unquestionably have ignored it, — as before, and after, Chief Justice Shaw, Phillips Brooks and Judge E. R. Hoar silently ignored similar attacks from the same quarter; or possibly he might, in characteristic fashion, have turned it aside by some good-natured but clever repartee, as later he did a quite dissimilar onslaught made on him by Senator Hoar.[1] It so chanced, however, that General Lyman's mayoralty had been marked by two lawless outbreaks, neither of which has ever been forgotten, — the destruction of the Ursuline convent, in what is now Somerville, on the night of August 11, 1834, and the Garrison mob of October 1, fourteen months later (1835). In those early days of city government the police force of Boston amounted to nothing. Practically, there was none. Ununiformed, few in number, those composing the city constabulary loitered through the streets with canes, in no way different from the walking-stick in ordinary use, as their sole insignia of office. They bore the aspect of respectable citizens, somewhat elderly, perhaps, and, it might be, a little reduced in circumstances. In cases of riot or mob outbreak recourse was therefore had sometimes to the militia, sometimes to the fire department, or, in cases of exigency, to the mounted troop known as the National Lancers, a showy

[1] On this occasion he with much humor compared himself to the man who boasted among his neighbors that he had "just been cuffed by the King."

organization composed chiefly of Boston truckmen. In his Life of his father, Edmund Quincy deals with this subject, and describes both the inadequacy of the force and the ingenious expedients to which the earlier mayors were obliged to have recourse when the public peace was in jeopardy.[1] Mayor Lyman, therefore, was not fairly open to censure on the score of inefficiency in not promptly suppressing either or both of the two outbreaks which made memorable his terms of office, and in which, it was long subsequently observed, "a portion of the people of Boston demonstrated the terrible truth, that they were not to be outdone in fury, even by the most furious abolitionist, who ever converted his stylus into a harpoon, and his inkhorn into a vial of wrath."[2] The work of the abolitionist had now been accomplished; but abolitionists were somewhat famous for length as well as vindictiveness of recollection, and, on the occasion referred to, the "silver-tongued orator" of the cause fairly let fly his "vial of wrath" at the former chief magistrate of Boston, then over a score of years in his grave. Not unnaturally, that magistrate's son was sensitive on the subject; Colonel Lyman at once met the onslaught of Mr. Phillips with a flat newspaper denial of the correctness of his allegations. The flood-gates were now open; repetition of the charge, rejoinder, and surrejoinder followed in quick succession. Mr. Phillips was in his element, — thoroughly happy. On the other hand, his opponent, so far as the facts and their presentation were concerned, had distinctly the advantage. For a time the controversy was carried on in alternate press contributions and platform utterances; the printed broadside then made its appearance; finally, Colonel Lyman closed his side of the controversy with a pamphlet statement[3] which left nothing more to be said. As to facts, it was conclusive; while, as respects spirit, directness and scholarly finish it left no room for doubt as to the grasp of the writer, or the estimate in which he held the professional agitator and pseudo-reformer. Circling high above him in his presentation, Lyman, hawklike, pounced down on his opponent. His friends felt no surprise; they knew it was in him to do it.

[1] Life of Josiah Quincy, pp. 396, 397; see also, in the case of Mayor Lyman, Memorial History of Boston, vol. iii. pp. 238–243.

[2] Dealings with the Dead, vol. i. p. 205.

[3] Papers relating to the Garrison Mob, edited by Theodore Lyman, 3d, Boston, 1870.

Going abroad shortly after this incident, Colonel and Mrs. Lyman passed the succeeding two years in Europe. That roseate period was then brought to a sudden and tragic end by a thunderbolt from a clear sky. At The Hague in the autumn of 1873, his daughter and only child, then in her eleventh year, contracted a fever, and after a brief illness died. To both Lyman and his wife the blow was crushing. For the time being, the light had gone out from life.

Returning with Mrs. Lyman at once to America, Colonel Lyman settled down at Brookline; and with characteristic courage, though with diminished interest, he returned to his scientific pursuits. He had inherited from his father a sufficient though not a large property beside the home estate at Brookline, and neither he nor Mrs. Lyman cared for display or had extravagant tastes. Both, however, were greatly attached to their Brookline home and its surroundings; and in their care and development and his scientific pursuits Colonel Lyman sought distraction. The sense of public spirit also now asserted itself, and the two, he and his wife, united in giving to the Massachusetts Infant Asylum, at Brookline, that first considerable endowment ($20,000) which proved for a much needed institution the beginning of a career of independent usefulness. On the 14th of December following his return, Professor Agassiz died; and in the "Atlantic Monthly" for February, 1874, the pupil to whose whole life the naturalist had given direction paid tribute to him.

During the next nine years Colonel Lyman remained at home, at first slowly recovering from bereavement. Other children, two sons, were afterwards born to him; and with them a new light dawned. He began also actively to interest himself in politics. This first evinced itself publicly in the Hayes-Tilden presidential campaign of 1876; but in that somewhat memorable election he did not apparently concern himself so much over the presidential candidates as over the results of the struggle carried on in the Middlesex congressional district, adjoining that in which he lived. The notorious General B. F. Butler, having two years before most unexpectedly failed of an election in the Essex district, in which he had a place of summer abode, now presented himself as a candidate for nomination in the Middlesex district, where he actually resided. After a spirited but futile contest in opposition

to him, he secured the nomination; but the protestants refused to accept the situation, and Judge E. R. Hoar was put in nomination by them as an Independent candidate. Among General Butler's admirers and ardent supporters none was more prominent, and none so outspoken and emphatic, as Wendell Phillips. General Butler was in fact conspicuous among public men as almost the only recipient of complimentary and approving utterances on the part of Mr. Phillips. The latter now appeared on the Middlesex platforms as his advocate, and, as matter of course, was in no way sparing of the candidate of the Independents. This Judge Hoar did not forget; and, eight years later, repaid by a caustic and well-remembered witticism. Whether a recollection of the Garrison mob episode of six years before was excited in Theodore Lyman's mind by the participation of his old adversary in the contest going on in the neighboring bailiwick is not known; but suddenly he made his appearance on the platform as a canvasser for Judge Hoar. His candidate unquestionably embodied in great degree the political ideals of Theodore Lyman; but that his dislike and distrust of Butler dated back to war times, and the memorable Petersburg campaign of 1864 was equally free from doubt. Then and there no love certainly was lost between the headquarters of the armies of the Potomac and the James. So Colonel Lyman now came forth from his Brookline retirement, and for the first time took public part in a political canvass. Judge Hoar's candidacy was merely a protest. That he had no chance of an election himself, and but little of causing the defeat of Butler, was recognized from the outset; and it excited no surprise when the vote polled for him fell to less than 2,000 as compared with over 12,000 cast for his opponent. Theodore Lyman naturally was disappointed; but after his wont, he took the result good-naturedly. His action had, however, brought him into notice as a political possibility.

As the outcome of the canvass and subsequent disputed election (Hayes-Tilden) of 1876, the angry issues arising out of the Civil War were finally disposed of, and a new class of questions gradually came to the front. Among these was a reform of the civil service. Party ties also were relaxing; independence in politics was in vogue. Theodore Lyman became more and more interested. He probably now had

in mind the idea of a possible congressional career. Why not? He was yet but a little over forty, he was wealthy, he had achieved a reputation, he was not without ambition, he was conscious of force, he craved activity. Though essentially a social or clubable man, and in college days active, always prominent, in the Pudding and the Porcellian, Lyman for some reason never belonged to any of the established Boston clubs. He had a prejudice against them. He seemed to regard them as mere centres of idleness, dissipation and gossip, sources of distractions from domestic life, — the rivals of home. The president of the Harvard Alumni, of the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of the famous Boston Thursday Evening Club, he was long a member of the yet more famous Saturday Club; and for over twenty years he rarely, when at home, missed the monthly dinner of a little association of officers of the great war, to the hilarity and the reminiscences of which none contributed more largely. So now his political activity took that direction; he became the founder of the Reform Club which, once known by his name, still (1906) continues to have periodical dinners whereat the issues of the day are warmly discussed, always in a spirit of independence. The way for advancement now opened; and in 1882 the opportunity offered.

President Garfield, assassinated in July, 1881, was succeeded by Vice-President Arthur. Reconstruction had ceased to be an issue; specie payments had been resumed; the currency question was thought to be settled, only to be revived in the 16 to 1 silver delusion of ten years later; and so the minds of men turned to corruption in high places, the civil service, and reform in general. Extensive changes in party association were clearly impending; a complete political reconstruction was more than possible. It was largely through mere habit that men continued to act each with his own party. Under these circumstances, the mid-term election of 1882 was not unnaturally one of surprises, a good deal mixed in character. As its outcome General B. F. Butler, now the nominee of the Democratic party, was elected Governor of Massachusetts; and, though a Republican administration was in control at Washington, an opposition Congress was chosen. The uprising was marked in Massachusetts otherwise than by the election of Butler. In the Forty-Seventh Congress the State

had eleven members, of whom ten were chosen as Republicans; in the Forty-Eighth Congress the House of Representatives delegation was composed of four Opposition and seven Republicans. Yet it was not a Democratic party victory. The change had been effected by the Independent vote; but of the four districts carried by the opponents of the Administration in Massachusetts the ninth only was represented by one denominated as "Mugwump." Put forward first by the Independents, and then accepted by the Democrats, Lyman received in this district 12,076 votes; his Republican opponent received 9,703.

Purchasing a house in Washington, Colonel Lyman took up his residence there in November, 1883. The next two were years of novelty, and he unquestionably enjoyed them much. His health, it is true, had already begun to fail, and in this respect the outlook was ominous. The immediate present was, however, full of interest and distraction; he and Mrs. Lyman took kindly to the new life, and socially made themselves most acceptable at the capital; and in Washington social aptitude, backed by the means for its exercise, counts for a great deal. Theodore Lyman was also one of a class which tells in Congress. An educated man with great abilities, a striking and genial personality, a natural quickness of retort and readiness in debate, he could not fail to make his presence felt. It was felt, and recognized. But nowhere probably does seniority and experience count for more than in the lower house of Congress. No new member, no matter how gifted, can accomplish much; his first term is one of pure probation. Yet Colonel Lyman in that first session distinctly made his mark, laying the foundations of great possible future usefulness if time only were given him. In particular he spoke with authority on military matters, and he did it effectively. The question of restoring his rank and so doing tardy justice to General FitzJohn Porter then came up, and led to a spirited debate. In this Lyman participated. He understood his subject, he had prepared himself carefully, and he portrayed events so as to make them visible. His delivery was effective, and his FitzJohn Porter speech was by common consent set down as one of the best of the session. It established his position as a debater.

Unfortunately, however, throughout there was a certain

hollowness in his position. He was an Independent, — a "Mugwump"! Behind him, in his district, there was no recognized and solid party, no constituency to be counted on; only open opponents to be reckoned with, and half-hearted supporters to be conciliated — if possible. The situation was unsatisfactory, and he could not but have felt it to be so. He had been elected on the issue of Civil Service reform; but that question had been disposed of and removed from politics, and in disposing of it party lines had been effaced. The desired measure passed by what approached nearly to common consent; and practically it was out of the way when, in early December, 1883, Lyman took his seat. Eleven months later, in November, 1884, he was defeated for a re-election. The circumstances, too, were, from a public point of view, disheartening, — they could not but leave a bitter taste in the mouth. He had been an able and faithful representative; in every respect above reproach, he had reflected credit on his State and his constituency. Party lines were not sharply drawn. Lyman's natural associations were with the Republicans, — the party which had carried the country through the war. But the tariff also had come to the front; and from association he was not a free trader. On that issue he had separated from the Opposition, offending the Democrats, who had made of it a party question. Still the Republicans might incline to one naturally of them. Unfortunately it was the year of a presidential election. For an Independent all depended on the nominations to be made. Finally, the Republicans put forward James G. Blaine; the Democrats, Grover Cleveland. By the reform element of the Republican party, — the element of which Colonel Lyman was distinctively representative, — the selection of Mr. Blaine by the Republican convention was held to evince a reckless disregard of good political morals. It was at once repudiated. Thus cut off from Republican support, Colonel Lyman found himself with the Democrats, if not of them; and the leaders of the Democracy recalled his tariff vote. Nevertheless, the single chance they had of carrying the Middlesex district was with him as a nominee; and on every issue now presented he was with them. Then the narrow, the repulsive, side of political life presented itself. Constituents of eminence, constituents of education and professional standing, men who ought to have

known better and set a higher example, were not above taking a partisan stand. They wanted a Democrat put up, — a reliable party man. So, when the ninth congressional district Democratic Convention met, Colonel Lyman found himself dropped. He had not in the first instance greatly cared to go into Congress; but, being there, he had found Washington life enjoyable, and he had become interested in the game. He felt he played it well. At any rate, he was not disposed to desert that generous reform element in the district to which he owed his former election and which now stood ready to go down in defeat with him. So, put in nomination by the Independents, he made a dignified and vigorous canvass, though the conditions manifestly put success out of the question. A presidential year, "the reform epidemic," as the party leaders termed it, — the disturbing and incalculable incident of off-years, — had run its course. So, when the votes cast in the Ninth Massachusetts District were counted, it was found that 4,260 had been cast for Theodore Lyman, the sitting member, as compared with 12,285 for F. D. Ely, his successful Republican competitor, and 6,301 for the nominee of the Democrats. On purely partisan grounds the Democrats had thrown away all chance of securing the control of the district. Altogether, the experience was in many respects illustrative of the vicissitudes and eccentricities of American political life. But Theodore Lyman in 1884 merely met the fate of Richard H. Dana in the Essex district in 1868, of E. Rockwood Hoar in the Middlesex district in 1882, and of Moorfield Storey in Lyman's own district in 1900. In fact he did better at the polls than any one of these three. His vote numbered 4,260; whereas that of Mr. Dana under not dissimilar conditions was but 1,811, that of Judge Hoar, 1,955, and that of Mr. Storey, 2,858.

Again Colonel Lyman accepted his defeat with cheerful dignity. Part of the game, it yet was hard. In any event he could have served in Congress but one term more, for his infirmities were now perceptibly increasing upon him; but that term he would greatly have enjoyed. It would have been to him as the Indian Summer of life. He was in his fifty-third year only when the end of his activities came.

On Theodore Lyman's remaining time it is unnecessary to dwell. At his retirement from Congress he had yet thirteen

years to live, — hopeless years of constantly increasing infirmity. Among his lifelong associates was Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., a friend from college days, with whom at one period he used to have much political discussion, the two after 1861 in no way agreeing. Referring to this later period and the painful and saddened declining years of his father's life, Mr. Winthrop, in his Memoir of R. C. Winthrop, says, he "was particularly pleased towards the last when one of the most valued of his Brookline neighbors and a greater sufferer than himself — our associate Theodore Lyman — sent him from a sick-room the cheering message: 'You never neglect a duty and you never forget a friend.'" Thus considerate of others, himself surrounded by friends equally considerate, Colonel Lyman passed the closing years at Brookline. Facing the inevitable with a calm and unflinching courage, he, without complaint, endured. A certain exaggeration of manner and exuberance in speech, which had been characteristic of him from his youth, by degrees disappeared, and was replaced by a quiet, silent dignity almost stoical. The underlying sterling qualities of the man shone forth; but the cup was full. At Nahant, on the afternoon of September 9, 1897, he was at last mercifully released from what had long been a living entombment.[1] He had been married a few weeks less than forty-one years; a widow and two sons survived him. His name, inherited from father and grandfather, was perpetuated in a fourth generation.

[1] See the obituary notice in Memoir of Henry Lee, by John T. Morse, Jr., Boston, 1905, pp. 410–412.

MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT C. WINTHROP, JR.

1834–1905.

When a man is born, lives nearly his whole life, and finally dies in one and the same town, it is always more or less interesting as well as somewhat curious to fix the precise localities associated with him. Especially is this true in America, and of one who in America bears an historic name; for, in American cities, business and fashion shift their quarters rapidly, and the favorite place of residence of one generation, when it does not become the slums, is almost invariably the trading district of the next. Boston, with its North end and its South end, its Copp's Hill and its Fort Hill, its Province House, Spring Lane and Church Green, has, first and last, but especially during the second half of the nineteenth century, afforded a somewhat striking illustration of this common experience. The Boston Post-office now stands on what was originally known as Governor Winthrop's marsh: but, though associated with Boston, town and city, from the beginning, the generations of the Winthrop family — everywhere and always "first people" — have not continuously lived in Boston. There is a long Stonington gap. The first Boston residence of the Winthrops is, however, very delightfully described by Hawthorne in one of the best chapters of "The Scarlet Letter." Standing just above "Governor Winthrop's marsh," this house occupied part of the site of the present Old South Building, directly in the rear of the historic meeting-house. Later, in Judge Sewall's time, Chief Justice and Major-General Wait Winthrop resided, it is not unsafe to say, within a block of that locality; and there, after her husband's death, Judge Sewall paid court to his widow. Subsequently Thomas Lindall Winthrop, Lieutenant-

Governor of the Commonwealth (1826–1832) and President of this Society (1835–1841), lived at the west corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets. There he died, not half a mile from the spot where stood the house whence nine years less than two centuries before his ancestor in the fifth generation had been carried forth to his grave. The subject of this memoir, the second Robert Charles Winthrop, was born almost between the two sites, at No. 7 Tremont Place, immediately in rear of the Boston Athenæum building; and he died, seventy-one years later, at 10 Walnut Street, not a stone's throw from where his grandfather had passed away sixty-four years previously. Coming into the world on the eastern slope of Beacon Hill, on the Summer Street approach to Beacon Hill he passed his boyhood, again on its eastern side his earlier manhood, and on Beacon Hill he closed his life. Born Sunday, December 7, 1834, he died Monday, June 5, 1905.

At the time of the birth of the younger Robert C. Winthrop — who always, even after the death of his father (1894), kept the designation of "Jr." — the first Robert Charles was in his twenty-sixth year, and about to enter upon that career of public life which, so far as the tenure of office went, came to an abrupt close in 1851. Until, therefore, the younger Robert was a youth of seventeen, his father, to whom he was always greatly attached, was immersed in politics; and, a large portion of the time, was absent in Washington. Those years, with boys, are apt to be the impressionable period; and in young Robert's case the somewhat chequered experiences of his father during that politically troubled time — the bitter denunciation to which he was subjected and the personal enmities thereby developed — were never forgotten. All through life they materially influenced his son's views both of men and events. As he wrote of himself later, by nature he was a conservative, and somewhat of a reactionist; and the trend given to affairs between 1850 and 1860 was one with which he never got to be in sympathy. So far as politics were concerned, things with him went wrong early; nor did they ever afterwards right themselves.

Young Robert's school life was broken in upon at the beginning; for he was just six years old when his father first went to Washington (December, 1840) as a member of Congress, and among his earliest recollections was being taken by his father

to the White House and there seeing President Van Buren, who, to amuse the boy sitting on his knee, showed him his watch and seals. This must have been in the early months of 1841. In the summer of 1842 Mrs. Winthrop died; and from that time on, both young Robert's home life and education were somewhat casual. At nine (1843) he was sent to a boarding-school kept by Dr. J. A. Weiss in the Roxbury Highlands, the only substitute there then was for the more elaborate and far better equipped establishments which, in response to a distinctly felt demand, began to come into existence a generation later; and after that it was only during vacations and intermittently that he came under his father's influence. His mother (Eliza Cabot Blanchard) was a ward of her great-uncle S. P. Gardner, and her relations with him were so close that the boy was always in the habit of referring to his mother's guardian as his "grandfather." One of young Robert's early reminiscences, as he afterwards recorded, was of the quaint Vassall house in Summer Street, occupied until her death, in 1853, by "Old Lady Gardner," as she was called, "when the picturesque mansion, with its gable end to the street, was taken down. In its wide courtyard in front and large garden [behind the stable] in the rear I used constantly to play as a child. The out-of-door grapes and pears were famous, — a veritable *rus in urbe!* The great affection of my grandfather for my mother, and his esteem for my father, led him to be very kind to me, and I often sat with him in his study, almost a separate building, adjoining the garden, when he showed me many curious and interesting books or talked about early days in Wenham and elsewhere." This old, colonial mansion,[1] with its wooden fence and gate-way, and ample courtyard, still distinctly recalled by Bostonians of the early city period, stood facing East on the South side of Summer Street, between Washington and Chauncy Streets, on the present site of the C. F. Hovey dry-goods store. The house then occupied by the elder Robert C. Winthrop, after he left Tremont Place, was above it, towards Washington Street.

The younger Robert C. Winthrop's life naturally divided itself into two periods. During the earlier period his strong desire was for European life and variety; during the later

[1] A picture of the Gardner house and yard can be found in J. J. Putnam's Memoir of Dr. James Jackson (1905), p. 116.

his home, or Massachusetts, life was unbroken, and somewhat tame. The dividing date was September 26, 1871, when he landed in New York after an absence from America of two years and a quarter. He did not again cross the Atlantic. His first foreign experience was while yet at Dr. Weiss's school, and in the companionship of his father. Leaving Boston on the Cunard steamer "Hibernia," April 1, 1847, the two got back to Boston September 19 following. Of that experience the elder Winthrop nearly half a century later published a pleasant account in his little volume of "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel" (1894). Mr. Winthrop and the boy then covered a good deal of ground, visiting England, Scotland and Ireland; and, on the continent, France, Switzerland and the Rhine region. Young Robert, at the time a little less than fourteen, listened in the Houses of Parliament to Peel, Brougham, Lyndhurst, Palmerston, Stanley and Lord John, saw Wellington officiating at a state military review, and was present at a rendering of "Elijah" led by Mendelssohn in person; while at the theatre, to which form of entertainment he was both in youth and middle life much addicted, he heard Grisi, Jenny Lind and Lablache sing, saw Fanny Ellsler and Taglioni dance, and Rachel and Fanny Kemble act. Altogether the early trip abroad made on him an abiding impression; and, not unnaturally, when he came home he felt no strong desire to go back to Dr. Weiss's charge. So, after a short trial of the Boston Latin School, young Robert drifted to the Andover Phillips Academy, where he remained two years and a half, fitting for Harvard. He entered college in 1850. His winter vacations he had then been in the custom of passing in Washington; the summers at Newport, or in the houses of his relatives. For one constituted as he was such a mode of life was most undesirable. At Andover, however, he did, for the first and last time during his whole academic period, get and maintain a fair rank in his class. Quick enough at his studies he would not, at school or in college, apply himself. He had also at this time acquired, as he himself subsequently expressed it, "a reputation in the family for wilfulness."

Entering college when he yet lacked four months of sixteen years of age, his residence at Cambridge extended from 1850 to 1856. In his case it certainly was not a studious period. "The contrast," as he afterwards wrote, "between the quiet

atmosphere of Andover and the temptations and comparative independence of Cambridge, so near Boston, was very great. The result was that I neglected my studies and developed a habit of incessant theatre-going." But in his student life, however devoid it may have been of advance towards a good educational equipment, young Winthrop had much social success, and in that way derived from it very considerable enjoyment. In clubs and societies, other than literary, he was distinctly a favorite. Always prominent, usually marshal or president, he was not only "thought to excel as a presiding officer," but he actually had a marked natural aptitude for that function, "conducting initiations as well as more formal business in an orderly and systematic manner." Finally, he later on recorded, "our class election [for the exercises immediately preceding Commencement] was held on Monday, March 13, 1854. In those days the post of Orator was much the most important, — not, as now [1902], that of Chief Marshal. Charles Russell Lowell [1] was the most popular man in the class, and could have been elected Orator by a practically unanimous vote, but he declined to stand, as he was already First Scholar, which he thought honor enough. Then ensued a contest; but on the fifth ballot I received a majority over all other candidates, and was subsequently chosen by acclamation to be President of the Class Supper. . . . The weather on Class Day (Friday, June 23) was fine and everything went off well, my oration seeming to please, tho' it would have been better had I put more work in it." In point of fact everything on that occasion went off with exceptional *éclat*, largely owing to Winthrop himself. He was by nature adapted for functions of the sort; for though, as he very frankly admitted, not disposed to exert himself to any undue extent in the drudgery of literary preparation, he naturally had a vivacious and pointed delivery, easily got in sympathy with an audience, and, as a host, was in his element. In no other capacity did he appear so well, — quiet, easy in bearing, gracious and sufficiently dignified, he put every one at ease. His class-day prominence was, too, very grateful to his father, to whom the son's collegiate course had not in other respects been a source of unmixed gratification.

It had been the elder Winthrop's hope that young Robert would acquire a taste for political life, following in his own

[1] See Harvard Memorial Biographies, vol. i. pp. 296–327.

footsteps. The indication of certain popular qualities implied in his selection as class-orator and the success of his oration as respects delivery "led my father to think I might without difficulty develop a knack at stump-speaking and that a political career might gradually open itself to me. There was a good deal in this suggestion, but it did not smile to me. I was not what is generally known as a 'good American.' Our institutions were too democratic for me. I wholly disbelieved in unrestricted suffrage, preferring a conservative republic, with long terms of office, and a suffrage based on property qualifications. The scramble for salaried posts on the part of blatant demagogues, of which I had seen and heard so much at Washington and elsewhere, continually disgusted me, as often did the machinery of caucuses and primary elections. I had some idea I might one day gain distinction as a writer, but I made up my mind never to be a politician.

"In my Memoir of my father I have described how my grandfather was known at Harvard in 1778 as 'English Tom,' and my father forty-six years later dubbed 'English Winthrop' by some of his classmates, as a result of native reserve and ceremonious manners. So I, when a Sophomore, was taken to task in a friendly way by Professor Felton for affecting a sort of 'English hauteur.' There was no affectation about it. I was by nature reserved except with intimates, combining a sort of youthful bashfulness with extreme shortness of vision, and my inability to recognize people at a little distance often made me seem cold or indifferent."

"English hauteur" was, however, not exactly the characteristic for which, in Faculty circles at least, he was chiefly noted. He has himself given an amusing account of an interview he once had, in undergraduate years, with Dr. James Walker, President of the University, during the latter part of Winthrop's collegiate course. He had been summoned to receive what was known as a "Public Admonition" for improper conduct during the delivery of a Dudleian lecture, the improper conduct having in this case been "the consumption and distribution of peanuts in the College Chapel" while the lecture was being there delivered. "I could not in conscience deny the charge; and I was aware that any attempt to do so would be futile, as I had not long before been credibly assured that no less competent an authority than a well-known Pro-

fessor of Political Economy had personally identified a heap of shells under my seat. I ventured, however, to insinuate some slight palliation of the enormity of which I had been guilty, by pointing out that no inconsiderable portion of that Dudleian Lecture had been devoted to undermining certain religious tenets which I had from childhood been taught to reverence. Dr. Walker rejoined, in accents of unmistakable severity, although, as it seemed to me, there played across his expressive features the shadow — the momentary shadow — of a smile: 'Mr. Winthrop, your conduct in this, as in some other matters, has been marked by an incorrigible want of decorum.'"

Discontinuing his Cambridge residence in the summer of 1856, Winthrop entered the law office of our late associate Leverett Saltonstall, whose marriage to a cousin of his had led to an intimacy; but his office attendance was, like his attendance at Law School lectures, far from regular, and, as he afterwards wrote, while "I read comparatively little I acquired a general acquaintance with the usages of our local courts and the ways of local practitioners which confirmed in me a distaste for the profession which was perhaps unreasonable. In September, 1857, I was, however, admitted a member of the Suffolk bar on the strength of my three years' studies; but I have never practised."

Winthrop's own description of his next, and far more important, step in life is so characteristic, and, for those familiar with both parties and the Boston social circle of that period so suggestive, that it cannot be omitted: "In the Autumn [October 15, 1857] I was married to Frances Pickering Adams, generally known as 'Fanny Adams,' youngest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Adams, a near neighbor of ours in Pemberton Square. I was then a little less than twenty-three years old, she a year younger, though looking about seventeen. My father thought me rather young to marry, and her parents would very naturally have preferred a son-in-law with larger means. Our joint income was a small one, and in looking back upon the undertaking it certainly seems to have been rash, but we were very happy and managed to keep out of debt. To many persons besides myself she was one of the most — if not the most — attractive girls in Boston, small, graceful, with a bewitching expression and golden hair, an

exceptionally good dancer, with a soprano voice, much love of music, a sunny disposition and a lively sense of humor. She came of a long-lived family and had enjoyed excellent health up to the spring of 1856, when she took cold while sustaining the principal part in some private theatricals managed by Arthur Dexter (H. U. 1851) and given by Mrs. Samuel Hooper at 56 Beacon Street. This cold left her with a cough which, though slight and intermittent, sometimes occasioned anxiety, and obliged her to nearly give up her singing. It was the opinion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow that a few winters in the South of Europe were very desirable for her, and his advice accorded with my inclinations."

Sailing for Europe a week after his wedding (October 21, 1857), Robert Winthrop returned to Boston, a widower, thirty-two months later, in June, 1860. His young wife had died of tubercular consumption at Rome the previous April, almost exactly two years and a half after their marriage. During that time Mrs. Winthrop had, however, as a rule, though not strong, been fairly well, and both of them seem to have enjoyed Europe greatly. Travelling much, usually by carriage, they made repeated visits to England, France and Italy, crossing the Alps, passing much time at Paris, at Pau and on the Riviera, visiting Malta, spending a winter in Rome, and part of a summer on the Rhine. More than forty years afterwards, referring to the close of this first marriage, Mr. Winthrop said of his wife that, though never free from anxiety on her account, "until the last few hours she was mercifully spared from suffering, was fully conscious to the end, retaining throughout her illness her cheerful, sunny disposition." Preparing to return at once to America by steamer from Liverpool, he personally arranged at Marseilles for the transportation of the embalmed remains of Mrs. Winthrop by a sailing vessel to New York, "the master undertaking to reserve his cabin on deck exclusively for the body." May 28 "she was laid to rest in the Benjamin Adams tomb at Mt. Auburn, 189 Woodbine Path, a beautiful situation. That morning a funeral service, attended only by relations and intimate friends, took place at Pemberton Square, Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D. (who had married us), officiating. At both these services, the one in Rome and the one in Boston, I took immense pains with the flowers, and think they would have pleased her."

When this brief episode of his early manhood thus closed, Mr. Winthrop was only in his twenty-sixth year. His second marriage took place just nine years later (June 1, 1869), and the intervening period was passed at Boston when at home, but chiefly in European travel, for which he at this time had a strongly developed taste. In America his journeys never extended beyond Saratoga and the eastern seaboard cities; though once, in 1857, he went to Charleston and Savannah, "going by sea from New York and receiving many attentions from southern relatives." It was, however, during the winter following his return that he began to interest himself in those family manuscripts to the arrangement and publication of which he later devoted much time and no inconsiderable amount of money. Getting "homesick for Europe," he passed nine months of the next year (1862) abroad, visiting England, France and Italy, travelling with his college and life-long friends, Charles Thorndike and Theodore Chase, and meeting, among others, Count Bismarck, then representing the King of Prussia at the Court of the Emperor Napoleon, ex-Chancellor Brougham, at that time a very old man, and Earl Grey. Still hungering for Europe, in 1863 he was abroad twice, passing his time chiefly at Paris, a little in London and Pau. In 1864, June to August, "followed another short but very pleasant European trip"; not so much in Paris as before. "I was the better part of a month in England and Scotland — Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Edinburgh, the Trossachs. I had tired of Boston society and went out little in the winter of 1864–65, busying myself in work on the Winthrop papers." And then again, "three months in Europe." The fact was Europe afforded him variety; he there found interest, excitement, even occupation in a way. But Boston was monotonous and dull; the streets were not gay, the theatres were indifferent; he met continually the same people; he was, in a word, *ennuyé*, — bored.

Europe, it must also be remembered, was to an American, especially to an American of the Robert Winthrop type, a far more fascinating place before the revolutionizing Franco-German war than it now is. Mr. F. E. Parker, formerly a member of the Society noted for his keen observation and incisive speech, is said to have been in the custom of asserting that it was the mission of America to vulgarize Europe; and

our associate, Professor Norton, I remember, once declared in discussion before this Society that, allowing this to be more or less true, and that it was indeed the mission of America to vulgarize Europe, it was no less certainly the mission of Germany to brutalize it. Assuming a degree of truth in both propositions, it will not be denied it is since 1870 that both Germany and America have in their respective missions put in the most telling work. Prior to 1870 there was to cultivated Americans a certain atmosphere of remoteness about Europe, both in time and space, much less perceptible now. London was yet to a degree old-time; Paris was imperial; Rome was mediæval. The Papacy was a secular as well as a spiritual power, and an American in the Eternal City seemed to go back at once three centuries of time, as well as to be obviously several thousand miles from Boston. The Piazza di Spagna of 1860 was distinctively Roman; the Quirinal of 1906 is unmistakably suggestive of Chicago. But perhaps the change is most perceptible in Paris.

Three centuries before, Montaigne had described himself as always "perfectly friends with Paris," and declared that "the more beautiful cities I have seen since, the more the beauty of this still wins upon my affection. I love her tenderly even to her warts and blemishes . . . this great city, great in people, great in the felicity of her situation; but, above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of commodities: the glory of France, and one of the most noble ornaments of the world." In common with many Americans, Robert Winthrop felt towards the French capital of the middle of the nineteenth century much as the old Provençal did towards that of the middle of the sixteenth. In Paris he felt most at home. It was the period of the Second Empire; and, between 1857 and 1870, the years when Mr. Winthrop loved best to be there, Paris was gay, brilliant, exciting. The city was in process of transformation, but quaint bits of the old town were yet to be found. The Palais Royal was in its glory; it was the day of Véfour and the Trois-Frères. The Zouave, springy in step and picturesquely garbed, was so much in evidence that the morning air seemed to ring with his bugles; while the Turco, with his white burnous and glittering arms, contributed an oriental touch to the scene. The marshals were resplendent; the very gendarmes were in striking contrast to the London or New

York police. The city by the Seine was strange, picturesque, resonant. It may all have been scenic; it certainly was not republican; and the event showed that, as components, pasteboard, tinsel and sham entered into it largely: but to an American, especially to an American who, like Robert Winthrop, made no pretence of being a "good American," there was about it an undeniable fascination. Boston suffered by the contrast: — Beacon Hill might be all very well, but it was not the Rue de Rivoli; Washington Street had little in common with the Boulevard; and as to the Champs Élysées, it was then "Tom" Appleton announced the new dispensation that when good Bostonians died they went to Paris.

Such to an American was Europe anterior to the Franco-German war, — the Europe, and more especially the Paris, for which Robert Winthrop grew "homesick" when passing the winters in Boston between his thirtieth and fortieth years. Of this period and his plans and aspirations he long afterwards wrote: — "During the nearly three years which elapsed between my return home towards the close of 1862 and my now [1866] going away, I had tried hard at intervals to secure some permanent occupation. Practice of the law had as little attraction for me as ever, — politics even less, owing to the shameful attacks upon my father, for some account of which see my Memoir of him. Military service in the Civil War was out of the question owing to my liability to water on the knee, — and even had this been otherwise, such service would have been distasteful to me, as I had friends and relatives at the South and believed the Republican party to be largely responsible for the conflict. For literary work I was better suited, and I occasionally availed myself of opportunities for writing newspaper articles. At one time I thought seriously of going to San Francisco on such an errand, but was rather discouraged by my father's old friend, Hon. Edward Stanley, who represented the tone of society there as coarse and convivial, and thought that a reserved, fastidious man like myself, who hated being asked to 'drink,' would be handicapped at the outset. I have no doubt he was right. I was always more of a dreamer than a worker, capable of much energy by fits and starts, alternating with periods of more or less indulgence and indolence. I wrote verses and short stories which failed to satisfy me, — a novel which I

burned when half finished, it fell so short of my ideal, — but it was a pleasure to me to assist my father in his various historical and commemorative undertakings."

During the summer of 1866 Mr. Winthrop, weary of America — again "homesick" for Europe — made preparations for a long absence, and in October sailed for Liverpool. The following winter was passed in Paris "doing a prodigious amount of theatre-going and being much in society, chiefly American, though occasionally foreign"; and the following March he started with his friend, William E. Howe, of Boston, "on what proved a very delightful trip to Spain and Portugal." Winthrop's account of his experiences during this trip are truly vivid; and, though the travelling was rough, he evidently enjoyed it greatly.

"After a brief visit to Bayonne and Biarritz, and longer ones to Burgos and Valladolid, we passed nearly a fortnight in Madrid, profoundly impresed by the art-collections and by a trip to the Escorial. Our Minister, John P. Hale, took me to an evening reception at the house of the Countess Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie, where I made the acquaintance of divers Spanish grandees, male and female, and found them unaffected and pleasant. The Duke of Berwick and Alva (to whom we brought a letter) took us in person all over his most luxurious and interesting palace. In Madrid, too, I had my first experience of bull-fighting. On leaving there we went first to Toledo, and then, via Aranjuez and Ciudad Real and Badajoz, by rail to Lisbon, which we reached April 1st, finding it a really beautiful city, but the people much less well-mannered than the Spanish. Harvey, our Minister, and Bañuelos,[1] the Spanish Minister, who had married Mary Adeline Thorndike, were full of attention, and I was at the house of Koadriaffsky, the Russian Minister, of Sir Augustus Paget, the British Minister, whose wife (born Countess Hohenthal) was very pleasant, besides seeing something of two leaders of Lisbon society, the old Marchioness of Viana and the Countess of Penafiel. At a large evening reception, at the house of the Deputy Vasconcellos, I was much struck by the fact that nearly all the men stayed in one room smoking or playing cards, leaving the ladies to themselves. At one time Bañuelos and I were the only males in the biggest drawing-room,

[1] During the week in which this Memoir was submitted to the Society the following item appeared in the death announcements of the "Boston Transcript" (March 5, 1906): —

"BANUELOS — At Biarritz, France, March 3, Count de Banuelos, senator, former under secretary of state, minister to Portugal and ambassador to Berlin. New York and Washington papers please copy."

which was full of women. . . . Portuguese bull-fights are supposed to be less dangerous than Spanish ones owing to the tipping of the horns, but in Lisbon I saw a man killed by falling on his head after being tossed. April 8, 1867, we went by rail from Lisbon to Carregado, where we were met by an ancient chariot and pair, driving thence by Cercal to Caldas da Rainha, where we passed the night. Next day we drove to the famous Abbey of Alcobaça, of which Beckford gives so interesting a description before its devastation; then by Aljubarrota to the still more famous Church and Monastery of Batalha, an architectural creation of marvellous beauty. April 10, we drove from Leiria to Pombal, taking thence a train to Oporto, where we stayed two days and with which we were greatly pleased. Our intention had been to go on to Braga and the Minho country, but in order to reach Seville for Holy Week we had to give this up. We found time, however, for half a day at the quaint old city of Coimbra, where we were treated with great courtesy at the University and elsewhere. Leaving there in the evening of April 13, we travelled by rail via Badajoz to Merida, which we reached at six the next morning and there took the diligence across country to Seville. This was a very unusual route for foreigners to take, and as it was Palm Sunday, with villages en fête, we saw a great deal of local coloring. The road was very rough, our horses numbering from nine to twelve. After passing Almendralejo, not a bad-looking town, we entered upon the dirty, interminable plains of Estremadura, but by sundown were out into the defiles of the Sierra Morena. Our supper towards midnight in a vaulted kitchen, jammed with muleteers and peasants, with huge logs blazing in a mediæval fireplace was indescribably weird. Everybody was polite, but we excited great curiosity. We reached Seville on the morning of April 15 and stayed there nine days, enjoying every moment. . . . April 27, we took a small steamer to Gibraltar, where the Governor Gen. Sir Richard Airey, an old friend of my father, was very civil, and at dinner at his residence, 'The Convent,' we met a number of officers. April 30, we went over to Morocco in the steamer Hercules, passing a day and night in Tangier, — that apotheosis of picturesque filth, — scouring its environs on horseback with a guide named Mohammed Ben Jackjemed, besides being presented to the Moorish Governor and smoking a little opium. In the afternoon of May 1st we returned to Gibraltar, starting for Andalusia the next morning with a guide and three horses, the one which fell to my lot being an English hunter, — the whole trip having been planned by Sprague, the U. S. Consul, a very gentlemanly and obliging person. The road was a mere mule-path, but the scenery glorious, and after ten hours in the saddle, — lunching on an islet in the Guadiaro River, — we reached Gaucin, where we had an excellent dinner in a vaulted kitchen, the landlord's

daughter decking the table with wild flowers. The next morning (May 3) we were in the saddle at 6.45 and reached Ronda at 2.30 P.M. without drawing rein, — a neat, pretty town, looking in the distance like a castle in a fairy tale. Wonderful bridge over the Tajo, the chasm being 300 feet deep, and perhaps as wonderful Ronda oranges which do not bear transportation. The English papers of this period represented this part of Spain as infested by brigands, but we met none but polite peasantry, and the 'Guardias Civiles' seemed to spring out of the ground by magic. Throughout this trip I was greatly struck by the excellence of the Spanish police. . . . Saturday, May 4, we were in the saddle soon after 5 A.M. The mule path grew worse and the scenery grander and grander, as we crossed two high mountains of the Serrania chain. Passing the town and castle of El Burgo, we rested for a while at Casarabonela, and at sunset reached Pizarra, a pretty little place embosomed in orange and lemon trees, rhododendrons and pomegranates. Here we passed the night, faring comfortably in a roadside tavern frequented by muleteers, — capital ham and eggs, clean beds, but no wash-stand. Here also we parted with our guide, who with true Castilian dignity swept the money into his sash uncounted. Sunday, May 5, we went by rail to Malaga and the following afternoon by Bobadilla to Antequera, where the rail ceased and we had an uncomfortable night journey in a diligence, via Archidona and Loja, to Granada, which we reached at 8 A.M., May 7, 1867. Here we stayed three delightful days, enchanted with the Alhambra, more than enchanted with the general life. Altogether we enjoyed Granada more than anything else in Spain."

Crossing the frontier May 28, Mr. Howe at Bayonne parted from Mr. Winthrop, and went to Aix les Bains, while Winthrop went on to Paris. He was there forced to succumb to an attack of his "old enemy," water on the knee, the result of over exertion in Spain. After a summer passed largely as a cripple, "dragged about the Great Exposition in bath-chair," on the 1st of August Mr. Winthrop set out on a trip to Russia, in company with his step-brother, George Welles, recently (1886) graduated from Harvard. Going by way of Rheims and Nancy to Munich, at Salzburg they joined for a time the elder Winthrop and his family, who had gone abroad in June, and with them went to Linz. Steaming down the Danube to Vienna, they passed on to Pesth and Cracow, which the tourists thought "a nice old place, with too many Jews." Thence they went to Warsaw; but, rumors of cholera cutting short their stay, they hurried on to St. Petersburg, getting there Septem-

ber 1, and finding it quite cold. September 9, they reached Moscow —

"after another long journey; and liked it much better than St. Petersburg on the whole. Besides the sights in the city and its neighborhood, we travelled two and a half hours by rail to the famous monastery of Troitsa, where we saw, among other things, the venerable Philarete, Patriarch of Moscow, then aged 90 and very feeble. The weather was so cold we abandoned our proposed trip to the great Fair of Nijni Novgorod, and, September 14, 1867, returned to St. Petersburg, where we stayed four and a half more days, and after a long journey, via Wilna and Königsberg, reached Danzig in the evening of September 19th. The most distinct impression three weeks in Russian dominions made upon me was the rapacity of the natives, the excellence of the ballets, and the magnificent mode of life of the Imperial family. Danzig we found a quaint and attractive place, the Nuremberg of the North. September 21, we reached Berlin, where our Minister, Mr. Bancroft, was very civil. Three days later on leaving the Royal Palace I unaccountably slipped on an iron staircase and in falling broke one of the bones of my right arm just above the wrist, the setting being very painful. This disarranged all our plans. There was nothing to be done but to return to Paris as soon as I was able to travel, which was not until the evening of September 30, with my arm in a plaster cast. . . . On the 23d of October the plaster was taken off my arm and I resumed my ordinary Parisian life, besides occasionally attending debates in the French Chambers, listening to Thiers and Rouher among other speakers."

The following is from Mr. Winthrop's "Scribbling-diary," as he termed the somewhat characteristic notes relating among other matters to the debates to which he listened at the period referred to: —

"Dec. 4, 1867. Jules Favre's speech a violent denunciation of a state of things for which he suggests no remedy.

"Dec. 9th. At the Corps Législatif with my father from 1 to 6.30. Dull speech of nearly two hours from Garnier-Pagès, then an eloquent, bitter one from Émile Ollivier, whom Thiers interrupted, and then replied to in the most excited manner amid much cheering. Altogether an interesting and animated debate on the Foreign policy of the Government. Schneider, an estimable man, but a poor presiding officer. Thiers reminded me of Mr. Savage in manner. Rouher is somewhat Websterian with fine flashes and retorts. Garnier-Pagès a trifle Calhounish; while Ollivier has a fine voice, but looks like a little Jew."

Returning to America after an absence of over two years, Mr. Winthrop reached New York early in December, 1868, and passed the rest of the winter in Boston, busy dismantling the dwelling-house at No. 1 Pemberton Square, in which his father had made his home for twenty years. On the 1st of the following June Mr. Winthrop married Elizabeth, oldest daughter of Robert M. Mason, of Boston. Ten years his junior, he had made Miss Mason's acquaintance at Pau in 1862. Of the second Mrs. Winthrop he long afterwards wrote, — "We have now [1902] been married nearly a third of a century, and I can truly say I have never known a woman who possessed for me so irresistible a charm."

Like himself, Mrs. Winthrop preferred Europe to America; so a month after their marriage they sailed from New York (June 30, 1869). Passing the winter in Italy, where he underwent severe illness, causing some temporary anxiety, Mr. Winthrop and his wife the next May returned to Paris, and the summer found them in Switzerland, reaching Berlin by way of Vienna. It was the year of the Franco-German war and the downfall of the Second Empire: —

"September 19 found us at the Hôtel du Nord at Berlin, where we stayed eight days, with excursions to Potsdam, etc. Little sign of war save contribution-boxes for the wounded, and rows of captured cannon and mitrailleuses in the Palace-Court. Amazing caricatures of Napoleon III. in shop windows, with some indecent ones of the Empress Eugénie. At dinner at our Minister's [Mr. Bancroft] I sat next to Brandt, Queen Augusta's private secretary, who said the King had testified to the personal courage displayed by Napoleon III. at Sedan, to his moral courage in surrendering to avoid useless slaughter, and to the dignity with which he bore himself after the surrender. He further stated that Moltke's plans for this campaign were drawn four years ago, that the latter's secret agents had satisfied him of the French inferiority of numbers and the insufficient armament of their fortresses, that the Chassepot was really a better weapon than the needle-gun, but that the French fired hurriedly and too high.

"Sept. 27, 1870. We went from Berlin to Cassel, where we were delighted with the Gallery, which I had never seen, and with Wilhelmshöhe, the German Versailles, where Napoleon III. was in luxurious captivity. He had gone out on horseback, but we saw several of his suite, including Edgar Ney and Achille Murat, smoking and reading newspapers on the terrace. From Cassel we had intended going to Detmold, but finding the railway service disorganized by the war we

headed for Holland, passing a night each at Soest and Salzbergen, reaching Amsterdam October 2d, 1870."

Passing the following winter in England, but going again to Italy in April, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop crossed the Simplon by carriage and four, lunched (May 23) on the summit and slept at Brieg, going thence to Vevey, getting back to Paris "at last," the middle of June, "after a year's absence, finding the luggage we left at the Orient in good condition. We were among the earliest of the foreign colony to re-enter Paris, finding in every direction interesting traces of the Prussian siege and the brutal devastation of the Commune." This, Mr. Winthrop's last visit to Paris was of five weeks' duration. Leaving for England, July 20, he and Mrs. Winthrop passed the summer there, and in Wales.

"Sept. 16, 1871, we sailed from Liverpool in the Cunard steamer 'Russia,' landing in New York on the morning of the 26th, after an absence from America of two years and a quarter. At that time we fully expected to return to Europe in the course of a year or two, but a variety of causes led us to postpone it, — the birth of children, my father's dependence upon me, my father-in-law's indisposition to part with his daughter, etc. It was not until the spring of 1895 that my wife went abroad on an absence of a year and a half, and tho' my three children have been repeatedly in Europe, I have never set foot there since 1871, my health since my father's death, in 1894, having been very uncertain, indisposing me for distant journeys."

At the time of his return to America in 1871, Mr. Winthrop was not yet thirty-seven. He and his wife thereafter lived in Boston, for twenty years passing their summers at various places in houses hired for the season, — at Lenox, at Lincoln, at Medford and at Beverly. In 1894, however, they bought, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, an unfinished house, begun on a large scale by C. A. Prince, on a place comprising, with land bought from others, some forty acres. The completion of the house, the building of the outhouses and stables and laying-out the adjoining grounds, afforded Mr. Winthrop occupation and interest for several of the closing years of his life. His summing up was, however, characteristic.

"The disadvantages of a New England country-place are the great liability to occasional drought, the mosquitoes which in some seasons are very trying, the great difficulty in finding a trustworthy and capa-

ble head-gardener, and the still greater difficulty in finding suitable hands to work under him. With all these drawbacks it is well worth doing if one can afford it, and the advantage of receiving from it in the winter months flowers, milk, cream and eggs, is very great. Really fresh eggs are the one thing money will not buy.

"We named this summer residence 'Lanthorne Hill' after the estate in Connecticut which formed part of the possessions of Gov. John Winthrop, Jr., descending thro' five generations of his descendants and so often referred to in our family papers. It was never inhabited by them, however, and when found to be of little value for mining purposes continued a wild, ragged hill of great extent overlooking the Sound near what is now Stonington. Land has of late so much increased in value in the neighborhood of West Manchester that I foresee that when my wife and I are gone the modern Lanthorne Hill will be cut up into building lots.

"Since my final return from Europe towards the close of 1871, I have led for the most part a quiet domestic life, the one best suited to my mature tastes, but a great contrast to my early ones. My wife cared little for general society, and I gradually withdrew more and more from the gay world, besides losing my interest in popular amusements. Still less did I fancy opportunities which sometimes opened for acquiring a certain notoriety as a speaker at public dinners, a lecturer on historical subjects, a reviewer of books or periodicals, or in serving on committees of one sort or another. My father would have had me more ambitious, but I am satisfied that my preference for the background accorded best with my contentment and my health. I have felt flattered to find it sometimes said 'he might have been distinguished had he chosen to exert himself,' but I should have been stung by any insinuation that I had tried to make a figure in the world and failed.

"My time, however, has by no means wholly been devoted to domestic pursuits. Aside from the assistance I constantly rendered my father in his numerous undertakings, I was for twenty years an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society of which both my father and grandfather had been Presidents, but in which I preferred to hold no office. During this period three of its volumes of Collections were in great measure prepared and edited by me, while its volumes of Proceedings contain *more than* 100 *communications* of mine on different subjects; some short, others of considerable length, others privately reprinted in pamphlet form. They do not, however, contain a squib[1] of mine in 1885, entitled 'A Few Words in Defence of an Elderly Lady,' being a reply to Dr. G. E. Ellis, who in an address on Chief Justice Sewall had gone out of his way to attack the widow of Wait

[1] A Difference of Opinion concerning the Reasons why Katherine Winthrop refused to marry Chief Justice Sewall. Boston. Privately Printed. 1885.

Winthrop, whom Sewall had vainly endeavored to marry. This production, on being read to the Society, met with such success that I printed it for private distribution, resisting repeated offers from publishers. My memoir of my father,[1] tho' nominally prepared for the Historical Society, was separately printed in a volume of 360 pages, and two editions of it were widely circulated by me in public libraries throughout this country and abroad.

"Genealogical pursuits have also occupied me more or less, chiefly in relation to my own family or those immediately connected with it. For instance, the first volume of J. J. Muskett's 'Suffolk Manorial Families' was printed chiefly at my expense, and fifty copies of the first four parts of it were caused to be bound and distributed by me with the title 'Winthrop of Groton and Allied Families.'

"Besides the above-mentioned Memoir of my father a shorter one of my father-in-law, Robert M. Mason, and one of my father's cousin, Hon. David Sears, — all separately printed as well as included in the Society's Proceedings, — I wrote for the Ipswich Historical Society all but the local part of a 'Sketch of John Winthrop the Younger,' printing it at my own expense with frontispiece and facsimiles.

"The re-arrangement of the large collection of Colonial MSS. conventionally known as the Winthrop Papers [2] has occupied much of my time at different periods. A large number of these MSS. have been deciphered and copied by me, while valuable selections from them have been given by me to the State Library of Connecticut, Yale University Library, the Pilgrim Society, Long Island Historical Society, *et al.*

"For many years I was one of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, serving on its Library Committee, but I preferred to retire on account of dissatisfaction with the management of that institution and a wish to avoid controversy with colleagues who were my personal friends. For many years also I was a member of the locally famous 'Wednesday Evening Club of 1777,' until an increasing deafness, combined with less and less inclination to go out of an evening, decided me to retire.

"Without ever having been an especially robust man I enjoyed average health until my sixty-third year. . . .

"The death of my father in 1894, in his 86th year, was a merciful release from protracted suffering, but the death of my brother John, in

[1] A Memoir of Robert C. Winthrop. Prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society by Robert C. Winthrop, Jr. Boston, 1897.

[2] This exceptionally valuable collection of papers, bequeathed by Mr. Winthrop to his wife, with a suggestion that from her they should pass ultimately into the control of the Massachusetts Historical Society, were, shortly after Mr. Winthrop's death, given by Mrs. Winthrop to the Society. See Proceedings, 2d ser., vol. xix. p. 307.

the following year, at the age of only fifty-four, was a great grief to me, for tho' we had few tastes in common we were very fond of one another and every one was fond of him. . . . The successive deaths of so many intimate friends of my early life, of both sexes, has contributed to render my life, in recent years, more and more that of a recluse, and I pass it mostly with books and manuscripts. My political opinions can substantially be gleaned from my Life of my father, but I am not as good an American as he was, nor am I fully certain that I should not have had Loyalist sympathies at the outbreak of the Revolution."

The passage here referred to in the Memoir of the elder Robert C. Winthrop is both in thought and expression so characteristic of the writer that no sketch of his life would be complete without it. Moreover it was evidently written as a species of declaration of political faith, — a parting protest against tendencies as the younger Robert C. had observed them : —

"He held many old-fashioned views upon a variety of subjects, some of which were of a character to excite disgust or derision in the breast of any self-respecting 'advanced-thinker.' For instance, he believed that the best way to check crime lies in the prompt and effective punishment of a convicted criminal, and, though a tender-hearted man, he not merely approved the death-penalty, but considered flogging an admirable corrective to certain classes of offences. He was a total disbeliever in unrestricted suffrage, preferring, with his friend Francis Lieber, an extensive suffrage, based upon property and education, within the gradual reach of all who chose strenuously to apply themselves. He realized, however, that in such a matter there can be no step backward, and that one might as well try to lessen the number of flatulent demagogues in our legislative bodies, or of sensational writers in the press, or of notoriety-seeking preachers in the pulpit. He believed not only in a well-organized militia, but in a standing army large enough to secure the vigorous enforcement of the laws. In the abstract, he preferred the Republican form of government to any other, but the toppling over of a monarchy did not necessarily inspire him with unmixed exhilaration; he sometimes doubted whether anything would be gained by the exchange. To him the *name* mattered little, the essentials being, in his judgment, an honest and efficient municipal system affording clean streets, good roads, and adequate protection to life and property; a trained civil, diplomatic, and consular service, safe from the ravening greed of party-hacks and office-seekers; an intelligent and systematic effort to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes; and a degree of personal liberty not allowed to degenerate

into license. He was not sanguine enough to expect all this anywhere in absolute perfection, but to try to approximate it in different parts of the world seemed to him wiser and more practical than to thrill with what is vaguely termed 'the enthusiasm of humanity,' or to 'prate,' as John Quincy Adams called it, 'about the Rights of Man.' Next to an exalted opinion of himself, the most sustaining reflection to many a man is the firm belief which often accompanies it, not only that everything is going on for the best in the best of all possible worlds, but that his own country is by all odds the most favored spot in the universe and that its institutions should be unreservedly envied and imitated by other nations. If patriotism is to be gauged by any such spread-eagle standard, no amount of special pleading could disguise that Mr. Winthrop's was below par. Ardently as he loved his country, he was far from considering it faultless. Preferring it to any other, he thought it not improbable that if he had been born and bred in some other, he might have liked it equally well. He had a very high opinion of the average ability of American public men of all parties, and a still higher opinion of the capacity and ingenuity of that composite race, the American people; but he sometimes wished they would not be so boastful, so credulous, so sensitive to the slightest foreign criticism, and so absorbingly agog about the doings — or alleged misdoings — of persons of title on the other side of the Atlantic."

Mr. Winthrop was elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society in May, 1879; and it is speaking within bounds to say that to no person in its history has an election into our Society meant so much. He needed an impetus to exertion — an incitement and an interest. All these the Society furnished him. A man of distinct ability, with very considerable powers of application of a peculiar and uncertain character, with a striking vivacity of speech and expression, his sense of family pride was as pronounced as was his tendency to the indulgence of an inclination to ease; but in our Society he felt a species of hereditary pride and, for it, even a sort of responsibility. Even this, however, lost its hold; and, as time went on, he more and more inclined to seclusion. As he grew older, it was curious to observe him in his familiar haunts. Becoming a member of the Somerset Club immediately after graduation, while he was yet in middle life he was there looked upon by the younger members as of an earlier generation. He seemed apart. Always easy and courteous, — possessing in a marked degree the Winthrop manner, — as his old friends one by one died off, their places, for him,

remained unfilled. Always temperate, as he ate at his solitary table he would habitually have before him a magazine or newspaper; but if a friend of his youth chanced to come in, and, dropping into the chair opposite, address him before the awestruck juniors by the familiar abbreviation of name, his face would at once light up as the old geniality returned. As a rule, however, the younger generation and its prattle did not interest him; and even the theatre, or at any rate the American theatre in its Boston stage of development, had ceased to amuse. Yet his letters were sprightly and pleasant to the end; caustic and full of observation. He seemed also to take pleasure in writing them.

A constant reader, he never lost his appreciation of liveliness and humor in literature: but the passing away of his early intimates affected him deeply. At last, of those mentioned in his notes of travel, and whose photographs hung on the walls of that room in the Walnut St. house which was the favorite retreat of his later years, one only survived, — Charles Thorndike, his classmate and lifelong friend. Mr. Winthrop's existence thus became more and more solitary and self-centred. He yielded to the inclination. For nearly a score of years the Historical Society supplied him with an interest and his interest gave no indication of abatement up to our removal from the Tremont Street building and its immediate proximity to the grave of Governor John Winthrop to our present Fenway habitation. That was in 1899. In the transfer Mr. Winthrop acquiesced. He saw that the time for it had come; but unfortunately, so far as the Society was concerned, he seemed to have concluded that his time had come also. Though after our removal an occasional visitor at the building, he ceased to take part in our meetings. His presence was greatly missed. For years he had not only communicated frequent papers, but he had been prominent in our discussions; and, as was truly remarked here at the meeting following his death, it was curious to see how, when he took the floor, the Society, however somnolently inclined before, invariably became animated and expectant. Any atmosphere of indifference or tedium at once was dispelled. He also for many years, especially during the presidency of Dr. Ellis, interested himself greatly in the Society's affairs and influenced its policy, usually for the better.

His great mistake was in not altogether identifying himself with it; for his so doing would certainly have increased his own happiness, added largely to his usefulness, and probably have prolonged his life. It would also have benefited the Society. On the death of Dr. Ellis (1894) Mr. Winthrop ought to have succeeded to the chair his grandfather and father had occupied. That he should consent so to do was urged upon him, not least by the writer of this sketch. He wholly declined to consider the proposition; and, when the younger Robert C. Winthrop had made up his mind on any subject, especially one concerning himself, he was distinctly the reverse of amenable to suggestions of change. But had he in this case been willing to accept the chair which would gladly have been proffered him, and then occupied himself actively in re-editing his first Massachusetts ancestor's journal, and publishing the family papers, he would have rendered his later years far happier while making a notable contribution to history. He had the ability; he had the culture; he had the material, and the means to use it; unfortunately he lacked both ambition and incentive.

Dying at his house in Boston on Monday, June 5, 1905, Mr. Winthrop was buried the succeeding Friday from the St. John's Memorial Chapel of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, erected by his father-in-law, Robert M. Mason, in memory of his wife and children. It was also characteristic of Mr. Winthrop that he gave detailed directions as to the exercises on the occasion, specifying as a hymn the English rendering of the *Dies iræ, dies illa*, — "Oh! day of wrath, oh! dreadful day." He left a widow and three children, one son and two daughters: but, for the first time since the organization of this Society on the 24th of January, 1791, the name of Winthrop ceased to appear on its roll. In the case of no other family had membership been both original and unbroken.

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